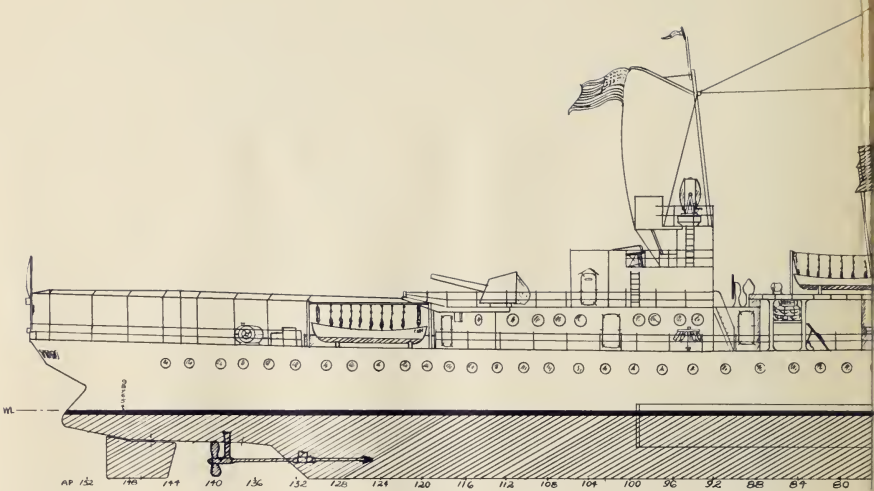
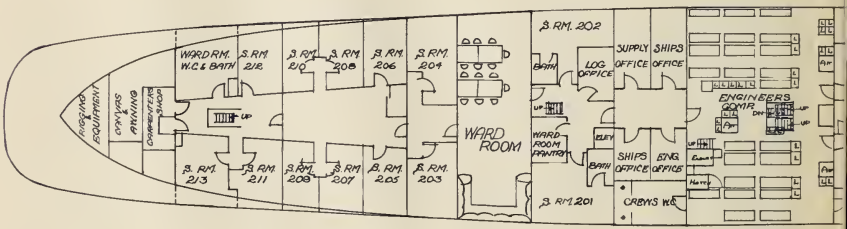
MUSTER

1950





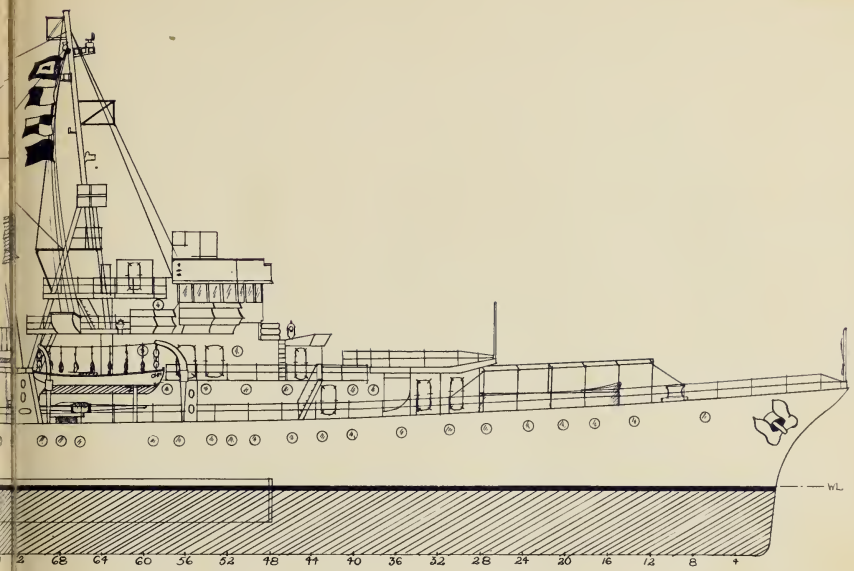
MACHINERY

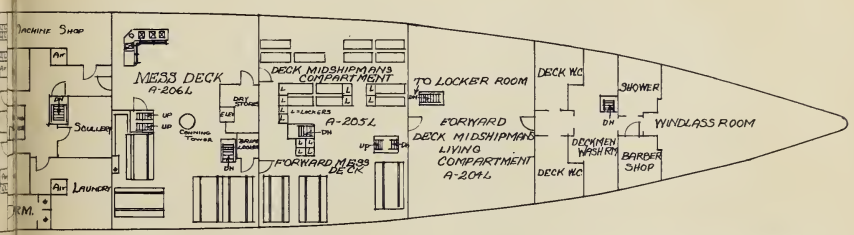
Boilers	Number	2
	Type	Header Express Type - Oil Burning
	Working Pressure	330 Lbs per square inch
Turbines	Number	6 (2 H.P., 2 L.P., 2 Astern)
	Type	H.P. Rateau - Impulse Reaction — L.P. Ahead Impulse Reaction — Astern Impulse
	R.P.M.	3000
Tanks	Fuel Oil Capacity	117,374 Gal
	Fresh Water Cap	16,831 Gal

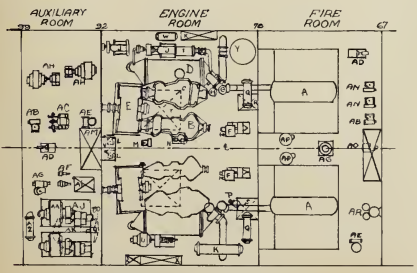
INDEX TO ENGINEERING SPACES

A	Boiler
B	H.P. Turbine
C	L.P. Turbine
D	Main Condenser
E	Reduction Gears
F	Main Feed Pump
G	Main Circulating Pump
H	Main Condensate Pump
I	L.O. Cooler
J	Ship Service Air Comp.
K	Feed Water Heater
L	L.O. Service Pump
M	L.O. Service Standby Pump
N	L.O. Purifier
O	Gland Exhaust
P	Drain Booster Pump
Q	Main Air Ejector
R	Deaerating Tank
S	Sump Tank
T	L.O. Drain Tank
U	Diesel Generator
V	L.O. Settling Tank
W	Air Accumulator
X	L.O. Storage
Y	Oil & Water Sp
Z	Diesel Oil Gravity
AA	Turbo-Generator
AB	F.O. Booster P
AC	Flushing Pu
AD	F.O. Tank Dra
AE	Fire & Bilge P
AF	Diesel Oil Pu
AG	Diesel Oil Pur
AH	Motor Generat
AI	Dynamo Gear
AJ	Dynamo Cond. Oil
AK	Dynamo Cooler
AL	Diesel Oil St
AM	Surge Tank
AN	F.O. Service P
AO	F.O. Heat Pu
AP	Forced Draft
AQ	Heat Service Bl
AR	Emergency Tel

Lcdr. Paul G. Hirst, U.S.M.S.
Mass. Maritime Academy
Buzzards Bay, Mass.







ENGINEERING SPACES

PG 51 - USTS Charleston

Displacement	2000	1936	Built in Charleston South Carolina
Length	325'6"		
Width	41' 3	1940	Based in Seattle Operated off Alaska
War Complement	243		
Horsepower	7000	1947	Obtained by Mass. Maritime Academy
Speed	20 Knots		

Other Ships in Class
USS Erie
Sunk at Curacao
Nov 1942

Drawn by
Peter J Watson

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Department of Education

Massachusetts Maritime Academy

Hyannis

15 June, 1950

From: The 1950 MUSTER Staff

To: Everyone

Via: The Editors

Subj: The 1950 MUSTER; preparation and submission of.

1. In accordance with established tradition and our own desires to record our share in the Academy, we have duly racked our brains, worn out our shoes, burnt the midnight oil, and generally made a nuisance of ourselves in order to produce the MUSTER.

2. It is sincerely hoped that Everyone will derive as much enjoyment from it as we had in making it.

The Staff

Harold L. Young CPO

Fred A. Bennett

Joseph Piccioneri

Edward J. Zielinski

Joseph A. Concannon

Harry C. Teyras

Lindsey N. Ripley

Richard J. Moore

Martin O. Johnston

Roy W. Miller

James D. Wickwire

Gerald E. Johnsson

MUSTER
1950

ARLESTON

DEDICATION

With deep sincerity we, the graduating class of 1950, deem it fitting and proper to dedicate this issue of the MUSTER jointly to Mr. Hodsdon and Mr. Clark for their tutelage, understanding, and guidance during our stay at the Academy.

Mr. Hodsdon: By virtue of his close association with the Midshipmen, we have learned to appreciate his many accomplishments. His patience, sense of humor, and ability in athletics contributed immensely toward our respect for him.

Mr. Clark: His popularity among the Midshipmen stemmed from his unselfish concern for our welfare. In appreciation of his able guidance as class advisor and faculty advisor of the MUSTER, we extend to him a hearty well done.

HISTORY OF THE ACADEMY

Massachusetts is a state of seafarers — of whalers, merchantmen, and clippers. Hence it was logical for her to establish her own Nautical School in 1891.

The school's first ship, the bark ENTERPRISE, set out on her voyages in 1893 with the first class to start the two-year course leading to a maritime career.

In 1909 the RANGER, a barkentine, replaced the ENTERPRISE. Renamed the NANTUCKET by the Navy, she served the school faithfully for many years until World War II, when she was retired from active service and sent to the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy.

After the attack on Pearl Harbor the Government shortened the course to sixteen months and increased the enrollment, in order to provide more skilled officers for our desperately-needed ships. To accommodate these additional men the Academy had to have a shore base. In July, 1942, the site at Hyannis was occupied. Meanwhile cruises were made in Maritime Commission ships.

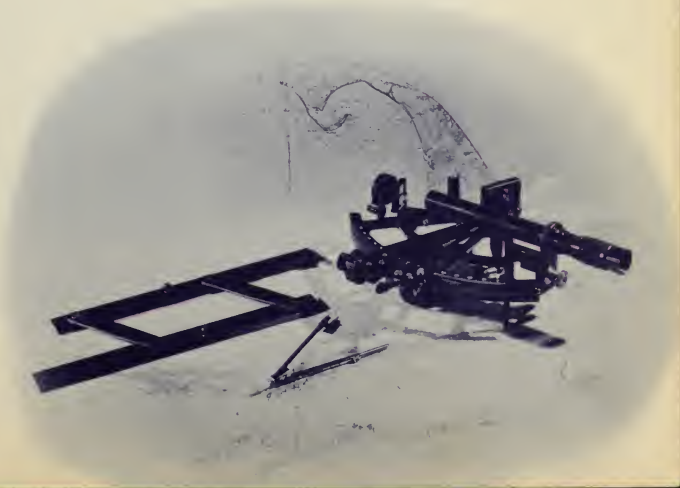
With the end of the war great changes occurred. A new three-year curriculum was introduced, and the class of 1949 was the first to receive the degree of Bachelor of Nautical Science under it.

On the 1948 cruise the Academy sailed to San Francisco to board the new ship, the USTS CHARLESTON (ex-PG-51). Proudly we sailed her home to Buzzards Bay and tied her up at the State Pier, her permanent berth.

At the end of the 1949 cruise, which took us all around the Caribbean and to New Orleans for Mardi Gras, the location of the Academy was shifted to the State Pier. Now great plans are under consideration for expansion of facilities here.

In our time we have seen the old school carry on her function and show renewed vigor. Long may she prosper.

ADMINISTRATION



His Excellency, Paul A. Dever
Governor of Massachusetts

PAUL A. DEVER
GOVERNOR

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

January 13, 1950

To the Graduating Class of 1950:

As Governor of the Commonwealth I am pleased to express to the senior class the greetings of our citizenry through the medium of the class publication "The Muster".

For almost six decades the Maritime Academy has been preparing young men for important careers at sea -- young men who because of superior physical, mental and educational qualifications have been carefully selected to receive a technical and practical training in the nautical sciences which will enable them ultimately to attain the highest and most responsible positions in maritime service.

The Commonwealth is proud of the past record of the Academy and its graduates. For over a half century the latter (your predecessors) have brought honor to themselves, to the Academy and to our great state.

They have served with distinction in capacities varying from Junior officers on deck and in the engine room to Captain and Chief Engineers in our government maritime agencies and private shipping companies and finally their record of wartime service is outstanding.

Therefore, may I assure you that your fellow citizens while proud of the past record are confident that you will equal, if not surpass it; and may I join with you in thanking the citizens as well as the federal government whose combined efforts have kept the Academy in the forefront of maritime education in America.

Sincerely yours,

Paul A. Dever

BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS

CAPTAIN CHARLES W. HURLEY

ARTHUR C. SULLIVAN

EPHRAIM MARTIN

Board of Visitors

Walcott Ames, *President,* Barnstable County National Bank
John Desmond, *Commissioner of Education*
John J. Halloran, *Vice-President,* Sprague Steamship Company
Warren B. Nott, *Superintendent* of Machinery and Trial Engineer, Bethlehem Steel Company, Shipbuilding Division, Fore River
Commodore Norman L. Queen, USMS, *Supervisor,* State Maritime Academies, U. S. Maritime Commission
Commander Frederick S. Walker, Merchant Marine Inspector-in-Charge, Marine Inspection and Navigation, U. S. Coast Guard

SUPERINTENDENT

CAPTAIN JULIAN D. WILSON, USN

Our Superintendent, who made his first cruise with us last year, graduated from the Naval Academy in June, 1917. His first ship was the NASHVILLE, in which he served eight months as Division Officer. After a short time in destroyers in France, he became Engineering Officer of the new destroyer BARKER, and later Executive Officer, serving a year in the Black Sea and two years on the China station.

Having met and married Mrs. Wilson in Manila, he was sent to the Academy as instructor for two years. A three-year tour in the ARIZONA was ended by his return to the Academy. Ordered to the ARIZONA again, he was Assistant Gunnery Officer for three years. Back at the Academy, he instructed in ordnance and gunnery.

His next assignment was as Commanding Officer of the GOFF for two years. Then he was made Commanding Officer of the WORDEN for the same period. Transferred to the New York Shipbuilding Company, he served as Inspector of Ordnance for two years, before taking command of the tanker MATTOLE for a similar period. After a short tour as Commander Task Force 32, he was sent to the Office of the Chief of Naval Operations. From there he went to command of the MARYLAND for a year.

His last duty before his appointment as Superintendent was as Executive Member of the Ship Characteristics Board, Chief of Naval Operations.

EXECUTIVE OFFICER

COMMANDER JOHN W. THOMPSON, USMS

As Executive Officer of the Academy, Commander Thompson has won the respect of all the Midshipmen for his taut, yet square, treatment of all of us under his charge.

Graduating from the NANTUCKET in 1912, he spent five years with the Lighthouse Service and one year with the New York-Puerto Rico Line and the Savannah Line. During World War I he was with the U.S. Army mineplanters at Newport.

After the war he returned to the schoolship as Navigator, and remained until 1925. A ten-year period as a Scout Executive followed, during which he organized the Pine Tree Council of Maine and served as Executive Officer of the Quincy Council.

In 1935 he again returned to the NANTUCKET as Navigator, retaining that position until 1941, when the Massachusetts Nautical School came to Hyannis and was renamed the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. At this time he became Executive Officer, and he has devoted himself to building this institution into what it is today.

CHIEF ENGINEER

Lieutenant Commander James M. Murray, USNR

Our esteemed Chief Engineer came to us in August, 1947. Since that time, in teaching and practice Mr. Murray has constantly worked hard to instil engineering know-how into his student. He contributed largely to the preparation of the CHARLESTON for her trip home last year.

Mr. Murray graduated from the Nautical School in 1935, thereafter working with such companies as United Fruit Company, Eastern Steamship Lines, and Cities Service Oil Company until 1942, when he was called into the Navy. His first asignment was as machinery inspector at Boston Navy Yard. Next came a tour of duty as chief engineer at Maine Maritime Academy. In 1945 he was made chief engineer of the USS SANCTUARY, a hospital ship, and in 1946, upon separation, he entered the Veterans' Administration, a position he held until coming here.

Lieutenant Commander
RICHARD T. ROUNDS, USNR

Navigator and head of the department of seamanship and navigation, Mr. Rounds graduated from the Nautical School in 1926 as cadet chief officer. After shipping out with Standard Oil Company and United Fruit Company, he reported to the Nautical School as a watch officer in the early 1930's. Since then he has been with the school, except for a tour of Navy duty during the war. Mr. Rounds's ability as a teacher of navigation is proven by the calibre of the deck graduates who have studied under him.

Commander
LOUIS A. WOODLAND, USNR

Commander Woodland graduated from the schoolship as cadet master in 1929. Having shipped out until 1934, he returned to the school as watch officer. During this time his quiet efficiency and administrative ability have earned the respect of the Midshipmen. During the war he served as navigator and then executive officer of the USS MONROVIA, a troop transport. He returned to us in 1946 as ship contruction, communications and navigation instructor. As navigator of our cruises he has taken us safely to our various destinations.

Lieutenant Commander
WILLIAM J. CONNORS, USNR

Mr. Connors, who graduated from the NANTUCKET in 1932, is our teacher of seamanship, Rules of the Road, and Rules of S.I. After having shipped out on both cargo vessels and tankers, he came to the Academy in 1940. Assigned to the Academy when he went on active duty, he stayed here for some time before being ordered to the USS NEOSHA, a tanker operating in the Pacific. Toward the end of the war he took command of the USS HESPLAN, a post he held until his return to the Academy in March, 1946. Much credit for the success of our deck Midshipmen goes to Mr. Connors because of his rigid insistence on proficiency.

LIEUTENANT
PAUL G. HIRST, USMS

Mr. Hirst, instructor in cargo stowage, ship operation, and maritime law, graduated from the NANTUCKET in 1926. After spending many years afloat, including war-time service in the Merchant Marine, he became an instructor in the Maritime Service Upgrade School in Boston. Two years later he accepted a post as director of the Bay State Navigation School, leaving in June, 1948, to begin his duties here.

LIEUTENANT
LUCIAN T. PAGE, USMS

After graduating from the schoolship in 1932, Mr. Page spent ten years with the American Export and Isthmian Steamship Companies, covering most of the world in his travels. In 1943 he accepted a post as Pilot on the Panama Canal, staying there five years. He joined the Academy staff in November, 1948, serving first as maintenance officer of the CHARLESTON and later as watch officer.

CHIEF BOATSWAIN
ARTHUR G. BRENNER

Since reporting to the NANTUCKET in 1927, Boatswain Brenner has served ably and colorfully as instructor in practical seamanship. A veteran of many cruises, he handles any shipboard problem with a skill born of long experience, a keen mind, and a vivid vocabulary.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
WILLIAM H. HEMMERLY, USNR

For six years after his graduation from the schoolship in 1936, Mr. Hemmerly sailed for the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. Called to active duty in 1942, he became chief engineer of the USS CONWAY and later of the USS SHANNON, serving throughout the Pacific area. Upon separation he became an ice plant manager until he resigned to accept his position here in 1947. His students are well-grounded in electricity, refrigeration, and auxiliaries when they reach the tender hands of the Inspectors.

ENSIGN
LINWOOD G. SWANSON, USNR

Mr. Swanson, instructor in boilers and Rules and Regulations, came to the Academy in January, 1948. Graduating from the schoolship in 1941, he became a shipyard machinist until he found a berth with American Export Lines. Leaving this post in 1946, he served as boiler inspector and safety engineer with an insurance company. Mr. Swanson is also in charge of the boiler room of the CHARLESTON.

LIEUTENANT
JAMES D. CROSBY, USNR

Mr. Crosby, who joined the staff in June, 1948, graduated from the Nautical School in 1931. Since that time he has been active in the marine industry, shipping out with numerous steamship companies and serving for almost six years as chief engineer of various training vessels of the U.S. Merchant Marine Cadet Corps. As an assistant engineering officer Mr. Crosby has contributed much to the excellent condition of the CHARLESTON.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER
RICHARD P. HODSDON, USNR

A graduate of Colby College, with a M. Ed. degree from Bates College, Mr. Hodsdon has had a long career both in the Navy and in the field of education. In World War I he served on the USS KEARSARGE and at Harvard Officers' School, having graduated from the Massachusetts Naval Militia Officers' School in 1916. Between wars he shipped with the Black Diamond Lines and taught school. During World War II he served as Assistant Personnel Officer at Norfolk Naval Air Station, HECP officer at Balboa, and commanding officer at Tongatabu and Funafuti in the Pacific before coming to the Academy in 1947 to teach economics and history.

LIEUTENANT (J.G.)
LEE HARRINGTON, USNR

Fiery red hair and a forcible personality mark the athletic director and mathematics instructor of the Academy. The director has now perforce turned coach, and has striven mightily to keep the name of MMA bright on the gridiron. A NROTC graduate of Holy Cross College, he became communications and radio officer aboard the USS ASTORIA and USS PITTSBURGH. In June, 1946, he joined the staff of the Academy.

LIEUTENANT
ADMONT C. CLARK, USCGR

Our English literature and composition instructor came to the school in August, 1946. Having graduated from Amherst College in 1940, he worked in the purchasing department of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey until 1942, when he enlisted in the Coast Guard Reserve. Upon being commissioned, he served as watch officer and assistant navigator in the USCGC GRESHAM, on convoy escort duty in the Atlantic. Then he took command of an auxiliary freighter carrying Army cargo between bases in New Guinea and the Philippines, returning to this country late in 1945.

LIEUTENANT
CHARLES L. JAILLET, MMA

Having taken his B.S. degree at New York University, Mr. Jaillet studied at the Sorbonne in Paris for four years. Upon his return he took his M. A. in psychology at the State Teachers' College, Montclair, New Jersey. From 1935 to 1942 he taught modern languages at Montclair Academy, coaching the rifle and tennis teams as well. After two years at Peekskill Academy, as head of the modern languages department, he went to the Newark Academy, and from there to Admiral Farragut Academy. He arrived here in September, 1948, to take up his duties as Spanish and history instructor.

ENSIGN
WILLIAM T. NEVILLE, USNR

Our physics and chemistry instructor arrived in August, 1949. A V-12 graduate of Holy Cross College in 1947, he took his M.S. in chemistry there in 1949, under a teaching fellowship.

COMMANDER
JOHN M. CEASE, USN

Commander Cease is a graduate of the Naval Academy, class of 1939. After service on battleships and destroyers, the first year of the war found him on the staff of Rear Admiral J. S. McCain. After duty aboard the USS MOBILE as assistant gunnery officer, Mr. Cease was ordered to the U.S. Naval Reserve Midshipman School, Columbia University. In 1946 he was first lieutenant of the USS INDEPENDENCE, a target ship at Bikini. From there he went to the USS TUCSON as navigator before being assigned to the Academy as head of the Naval Science Department in 1947. By his untiring efforts he has brought the company to peak efficiency in uniform and drill.

LIEUTENANT
DAVID W. CRIPPIN, USN

Second in command of the Naval Science Department is Mr. Crippin, who joined the Navy in 1935. Serving in such ships as the NEW YORK, TEXAS, WYOMING, AUGUSTA, HERNDON, CONSTELLATION, and VIXEN, he rose through the ranks to Chief Teleman. Later commissioned, he served on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, Atlantic Fleet in various capacities before reporting here in March, 1949.

LIEUTENANT (J.G.)
LESTER L. KIMBLE, USN

Mr. Kimble knows the meaning of the Navy axiom, "It all counts on twenty." Enlisting in the Navy in 1929, he served four years on the China station aboard the AUGUSTA, and in such ships as the SAVANNAH and the GLENNON. He became a Chief Firecontrolman before he was commissioned. The end of the war found him at the Naval Training Center, Boston. He joined the staff in April, 1949.

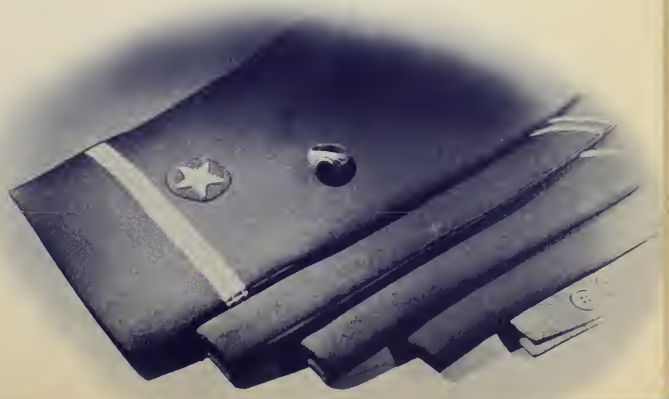
PAYCLERK (SC)
ALVIN ANTEEN, USNR

Mr. Anteen, who became Supply Officer in August, 1949, has had a varied career. He studied at Northeastern Schools of Law and Business Administration, and he is a graduate of Bentley School. Entering the Navy in 1940, he served much of the war in the Pacific, in Australia and Hawaii, and aboard the USS HECTOR, LSMR 519, and LSMR 529. Subsequently he was Assistant Supply Officer at the Separation Center in Boston and with the Atlantic Reserve Fleet. Upon his release to inactive duty he again entered the field of accounting until he accepted his appointment here.

SHIP'S

COMPANY

THE CLASS



FOREWORD

With the cruise of Academy life over, and the great voyage of a career soon to begin, a small part of each of you will always remain with the M.M.A.

The Academy, in turn, has put its stamp upon you. You are the tempered and tested product — men well trained in an arduous and rewarding profession — that of going to sea. I know you will be masters of the sea, for you have sought her out, served an ardent apprenticeship, and learned her secrets well.

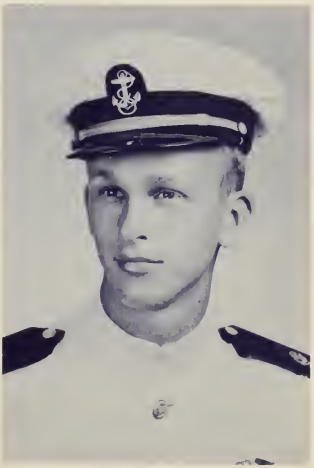
We hope you will always be as proud of the Academy as we are, for it has a heritage unsurpassed by any other Maritime School in the world. God-speed and good sailing.

Most sincerely yours,
JULIAN D. WILSON
Captain, USN (Ret.)
Superintendent

JOHN R. ANDERSON
486 East Street, East Weymouth
Glee Club, Propeller Club

Andy is a lover of the finer things of life — a smoke, a coke, and a cozy sack. This notorious sackrat claims that the only things that will drive him out are chow, liberty, and fire. For a long time we thought he might be graduating from Brighton instead of M.M.A., but he showed his stuff to pull back into line with us. He has proved his worth.

PHILIP C. BARNES
141 Bracewell Avenue, North Adams
Petty Officer, Glee Club, Propeller Club

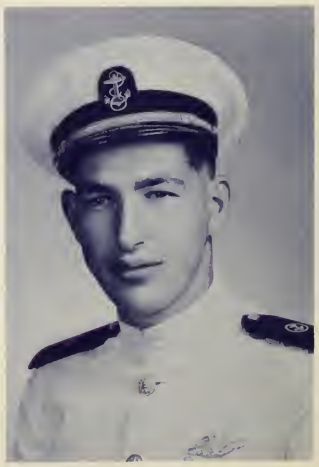


Phil will be remembered for his numerous mad affairs with twittering teen-agers from Boston to Trinidad. His manner, always serious and friendly, belongs more to a hayloft than to a flying bridge. His fine eye for detail should serve him well in the future.

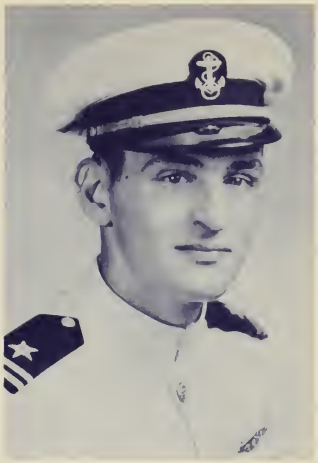
FRED A. BENNETT
61 Central Avenue, Medford
Petty Officer, MUSTER Staff, Glee Club, Propeller Club

The owner of perhaps the most unique product of automotive genius, *Fred* came all the way down here in his "merry Lafayette." A disciple of oriental philosophy, he has been mistaken many times for Mahatma Gandhi as he contemplated his navel in the sun of the promenade deck. This Navy veteran is one of our best scholars. He will always have the "key" to strange doors.

RICHARD R. BLASI
152 Curtis Street, Somerville
Petty Officer, Glee Club, Propeller Club

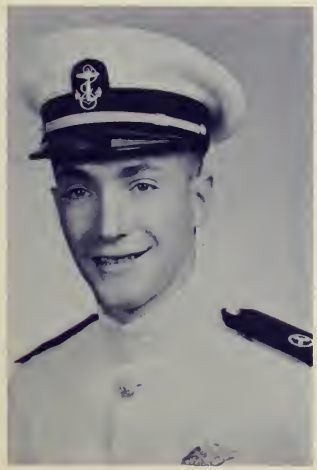


To him it has been said, "If the shoe don't fit, wear rubbers." *Big Dick* is highly competent in many ways — on land, on sea, or in the air. We've shared many a laugh with *Crazy Blasi,* and we wish him a world of success.



FRANCIS H. BURNS
Turner Hill Farm, Ipswich
Mdsn. Officer, Football, Band, Glee Club, Propeller Club, Dance Committee

Frank's life at M.M.A. may best be characterized by many long cigarettes, a hot trumpet, a portable electric washing-machine, and job deals "extraordinaire." His vivid personality made him a natural leader here; he will continue to be one.

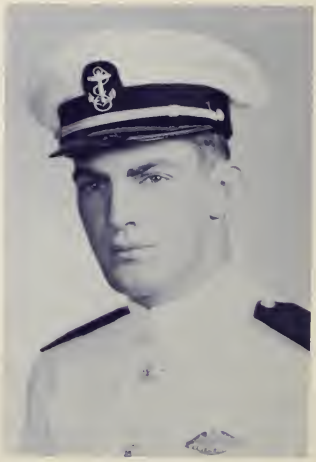


JOSEPH A. CONCANNON
190 Trefton Drive, East Braintree
Mdsn. Officer, MUSTER Staff, Treasurer Propeller Club, Glee Club

By virtue of his quick wit and his undisputed ability to make any situation a comic one, *Joe* soon won the admiration of all of us. *Joe Conch* proved his engineering ability on the cruise, but we revere him more for his skill at keeping his venerable heap running like a Bugatti.

HAROLD W. COBURN, JR.
163 North Avenue, Weston
Football, Glee Club, Propeller Club

Chub always wore a special variety of grin and could always be found in the chart-room with his buddy, scanning the sports section and "waiting for the third to go off," on the little green portable. We wonder if Honey will continue to support him in a style to which he is definitely not accustomed.

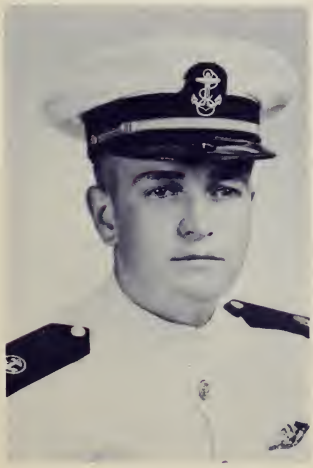


RONALD J. CURRY
Green Street, Medfield
Petty Officer, Baseball, Football (Co-captain), MUSTER Literary Editor, Glee Club, Propeller Club, Class Vice-President

"Huh? . . . What? . . . Who? . . . What'cha talking about?" Aw, come on, *Red*, pay attention! A good-natured cuss with a flowing shock of red hair, *Red* possesses a gift of gab that could have put him at the head of his class in a Philadelphia law-school. As co-captain and backbone of the line, he set an impressive record on the MMA gridiron.

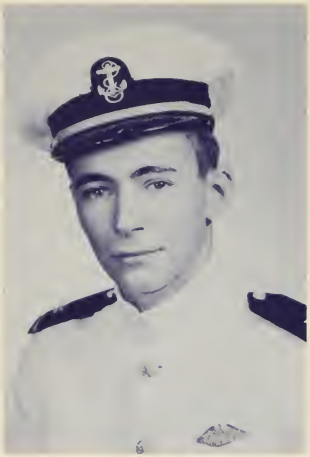
ROGER D. FREEMAN
153 Cedar Street, East Weymouth
Petty Officer, Glee Club, Propeller Club

Rajah's radio, laugh, love-problems, electric shaver, and concern over Peter are all part of our somewhat dubious past. He lives in history for his water-fights ("Cheezit! It's Harrington!"), his foremast acrobatics, his clowning, and his fights with Bill and Oley.



JAMES C. FULL
16 Beacon Street, Marblehead
Petty Officer, MUSTER Photographic Editor, Glee Club, Propeller Club

J.C. is a jolly fellow with a sharp eye for sailboats, yachts, and other assorted trim craft. As Chief Shutterbug of the MUSTER he had a strong hand in the product. When bow lookout watches are in order nobody can come close to him. We feel that he will keep the tradition of the 'Headers who go down to the sea in ships.



RALPH H. GERBRANDS
96 Ronald Road, Arlington
Mdsn. Officer, Band, Glee Club, Propeller Club, Dance Committee

Ralph brought a host of talents with him when he joined us. He can recite any number of side-splitting monologues in seven dialects (We counted them once). Memories of Ralph's keyboard dexterity at Jim's will leave us nostalgic for many years.

HAROLD R. GIVENS
24 Jefferson Street, Attleboro
Company Commander, Ring Committee, Glee Club, Propeller Club

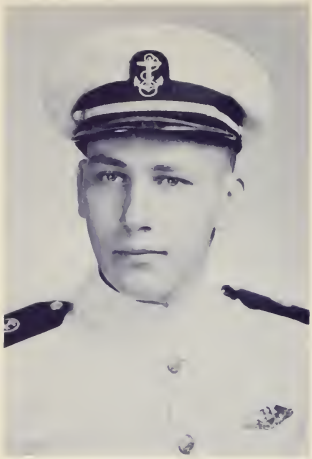
Roger, better known as "that little fellow," arose from Lewis Bay two years ago; we have been unsuccessful in getting him to submerge since then. *Cap* travels at periscope depth at all times. Many are the salty tales poured from his vast store of oceanic knowledge. Loud colors clash on his left breast, while strange, almost-forgotten denizens of the deep frolic above them.

RICHARD J. GORMAN
Summer Street, Medfield
Mdsn. Officer, MUSTER Business Manager, Dance Committee, Glee Club, Propeller Club, Vice-President

Quiet and dependable *Dick* came to the Academy after a hitch in the Navy and at college, to become the able leader of watch four. Dick is the sole possessor of the dubious honor of having made one sample-size bottle of hair tonic last his three years. An ardent energy conserver, he consumes it all in those hectic weekend scrambles between Medfield and Jamaica Plain.

ROLAND G. GOULD
48 South Second Street, St. Clair, Pennsylvania
Football, Band, Century Club, Glee Club, Propeller Club

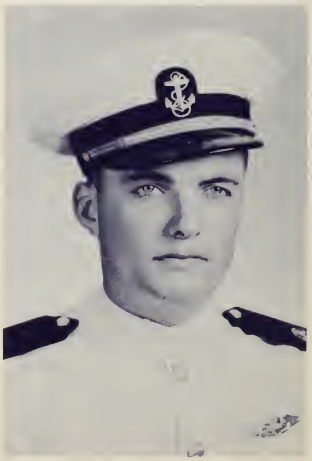
Gav was one of our smoothest operators in class and — if he had not lavished it on the fair sex — he could have been one on the gridiron. As it was, this ex-pharmacist's mate easily pursued his studies here, and in the process he became a charter member of the Century Club. He divides his time equally between his two favorite haunts — the Midas and his sack.



CARL W. HALVORSEN
54 Otis Street, Winthrop
Petty Officer, Glee Club, Propeller Club

Chief comes from a town bordering on the sea, and his Viking ancestors saw these shores long before Plymouth Rock was used as a gangway. His is the highest distinction: he could sleep even in Mr. Harrington's class. His rich humor and friendship will long be a part of us.

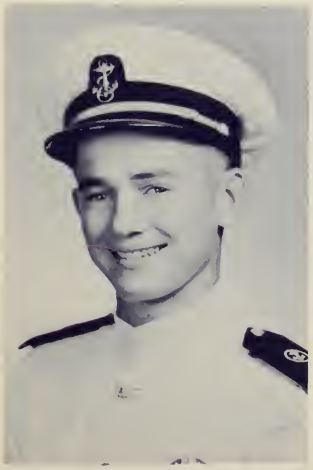
STANFORD W. HAMMOND
89 Sumner Street, Kingston
Petty Officer, Football, Glee Club, Propeller Club, Ring Committee, Dance Committee



Stan's never-go-overboard attitude seems to work wonders with women: We only hope he doesn't drown some day. A tackle and a leading foo-foo addict, he led a busy existence. His many and varied arguments with "the Weeper" have enlivened many dull study periods.

CHARLES C. HIGMAN
5202 Duffield Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Petty Officer, Glee Club, Propeller Club

Do you know any of these people? The deckman who writes daily to Centerville? The one who challenges all comers in the frequent bouts on the mess deck? The benefactor who kept his classmates from starving the first year here when he had the wardroom duty? The fellow standing in the hole? Of course! *Higgie!* May your cheerfulness and pluck take you right to where you want to go.



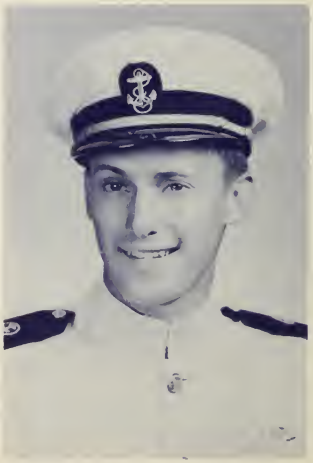
CASIMIR C. JAROSIK
47 Thompson Street, New Bedford
Glee Club, Propeller Club

Cas loves to show his home-town off to all visitors. A Past Master at the fine art of the Stall, *Cas* is usually the instigator, working with his henchmen, *Chub* and *Big Ed.* His "Fellas, I need help" is a byword. He was the great fixer of our one and only "quarantine machine." Ingenious and careful, our *Cas* will go far.

GERALD E. JOHNSON
89 Lasell Street, West Roxbury
Petty Officer, Band, MUSTER Staff, Glee Club, Propeller Club

Six feet two, one hundred ten pounds, two ears . . . well, at least there are two ears. He has been a regular patron of the City Club for two years. He makes his own weather, as many a damsel who has found herself "snowed in" in July will testify. Anything from a broken steam line to a flat tire will bring forth a "Holy Toledo" from this doughty deckineer.

MARTIN O. JOHNSTON
64 South Bayfield Road, North Quincy
Chief Petty Officer, MUSTER Staff, Football, Glee Club, Propeller Club



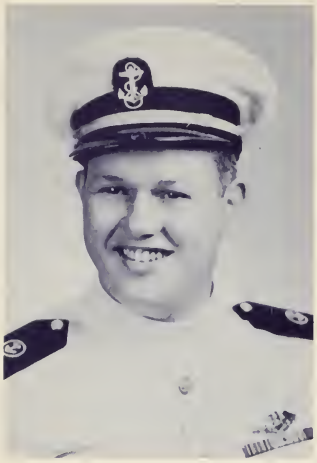
The wind and salt air blowing across Quincy Bay stole this boy from Boston University and set him down at the brow of the ship. His catholic knowledge, gleaned from the National Geographic, has enriched our foreign travels. A firm believer in the myth of the romantic South Seas, he deserves anything but the North Atlantic.

ROBERT L. KENNIFF
5-A Manning Street, Salem
Mdsn. Officer, MUSTER Business Manager, Glee Club, Propeller Club

Kesty may well have been a witch once; at least he is surrounded by an atmosphere of static. His portable radar antenna is skilfully concealed in his hat, and he is extremely leery of entering close quarters where any motors are running. His fertile mind was responsible for a great deal of the success of the MUSTER.

WILSON KIPP
Leetsdale, Pennsylvania
Century Club, Glee Club, Propeller Club

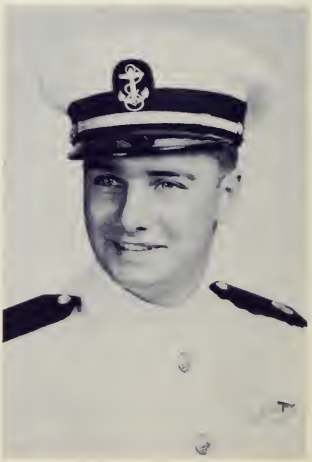
Old Gin-and-Juice, with the strokable hair, came from Quakerland. His star shone brightest in Naval Justice and Admiralty Law. Only once did his knowledge of the law fail him; from that time the beach wagon was seen no more. A good friend, he gives promise of much.



ALVIN H. MANDLY
420 Arnold Street, New Bedford
Petty Officer, Football Manager, Band, Glee Club, Propeller Club

Al, the man whose girth was computed in feet instead of inches, was a necessary ingredient of our parties because of his talent of mimicry. As doting mother to the football team he kept the boys outfitted, emerging from the ordeal as a noted problem-solver and amateur physician. The world will always laugh with him.

GILBERT P. McAVOY
East Bayside Avenue, South Swansea
Baseball, MUSTER Managing Editor, Glee Club, Propeller Club



The first sound that *Gil* heard when he came into the world was the click of a camera shutter; things have been developing ever since. An avid reader of modern literature, he guards his source jealously. Try as he might, he has never been able to have Swansea made a scheduled stop on our cruises. This little man has a big future.

FRANCIS E. McGLYNN
57 Mount Vernon Road
West Weymouth Heights
MUSTER Sports Editor, Dance Committee, Glee Club, Propeller Club

The Frankie of singing fame can't stand in the shadow of the *Frank* we know. Why? We don't know. He can't sing a note, he's freckled, his pay-check lasts him just one week. Maybe it's his personality and his Irish smile. His particular fame rests in his myriad summer "deals." Although navigation and communications may always remain occult mysteries to him, we are sure that he will make a good shipmate for anyone.

EUGENE F. McHALE
Rebel Hill, R.D. #1
Conshohocken, Pennsylvania
Class President, Football, Petty Officer, Dance Committee, Glee Club, Propeller Club

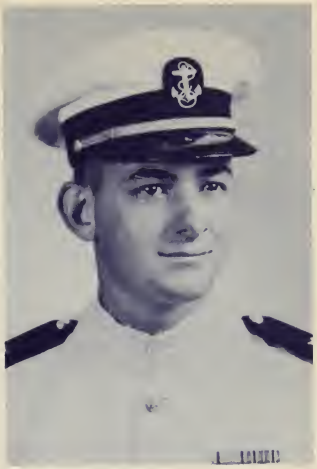
Mac was our class president, although some disappointed office-seekers have been heard to mutter that he was a fugitive from one of Yale's kennels. His reign was notable, with the peak being reached in the Ring Dance. Strong as the Keystone State from which he hails, and fortified by his weekly cookie allowance from Bea, he was a pillar of the team. May he always prosper as well.

JAMES McLOUGHLIN
416 Second Avenue
Woonsocket, Rhode Island
Propeller Club President, Petty Officer, Dance Committee, Glee Club

Mac was responsible for corrupting our diction — the only person who ever made Harvard's broad A even broader. Any day after 1530 *Mac* could be found in the forward berthing compartment expounding on any subject from the merits of Poe's *Annabel Lee* to the relative advantages of the capitalistic system over the socialistic. May you always have as many interested listeners.

ALLEN MIKKONEN
West Barnstable Road, Centerville
Petty Officer, Class Treasurer, Century Club, Glee Club, Propeller Club

We always knew where to look for *Minky*. He was either tracing out lines down below, "souping up" his bomber, or adding to one of his "job" notebooks. After two years of relative innocence, he joined that exclusive group known as the Century Club. Said he, "All I missed were the steam-baths." A bogger from 'way back, *Minky* is always ready to extol the virtues of life on the Cape.

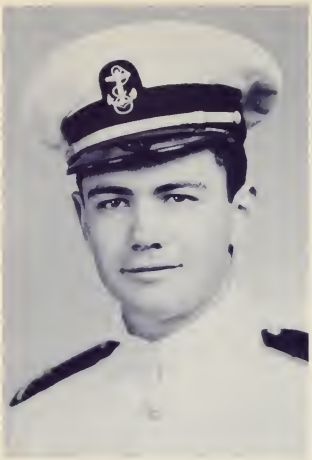


ROY W. MILLER
67 School Street, Hyannis
Mdns. Officer, Century Club, MUSTER Staff, Glee Club, Propeller Club

An old destroyerman, Roy's "savvy" and conscientiousness earned him a job as second platoon commander. Shirley and Roy were the football team's most avid rooters. Roy joined the Century Club because of unforeseeable checks. The skipper who gets Roy as third will be fortunate.

RICHARD J. MOORE
67 Walnut Street, Roxbury
Football, MUSTER Staff, Dance Committee, Glee Club, Propeller Club

Shortly after the end of World War II one Richard Moore hove in sight, sporting a sharp bow tie and green Marine skivvies — of which he was promptly relieved by the upperjobs. *Duffy* made many close friends aboard the Chn; but the closest of all was our M.A.A., with whom he would often walk hand in hand to see the "Man." Memories of his highly-starched chinos and receding hairline will haunt us forever.



WALLACE S. MORROW III
Main Street, Sandwich
Mdsn. Officer, Band, Glee Club, Propeller Club

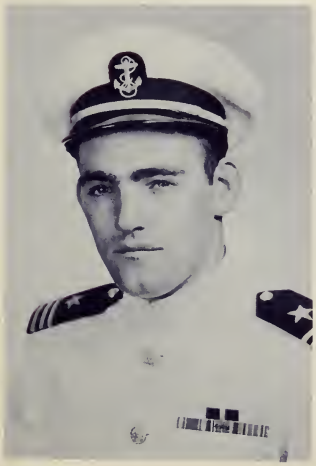
The big question remains unsolved: why did *Moe* stay so long at Brighton? It could have been a nurse, but we find it hard to believe that a pretty face could come between him and his sextant. His seriousness in class and on cruise, and his easy humor after work was done, should take him far.

FERNANDO NEVES
62 Ward Street, New Bedford
Mdsn. Officer, Dance Committee, Glee Club, Propeller Club, Ring Committee

Another "Whaler", *Fred* came to us already full of drill and military procedure. Soon he had the third platoon sewed up; they still are. Quiet and intelligent, this lad will easily maintain the traditions that made his city great.

THOMAS F. NICHOLSON
985 Walnut Street, Newton Highlands
MUSTER Editor-in-Chief, Academy News Editor, Football, Propeller Club, Baseball Captain

BOOM! Here's Tom, the Atom Bomb, our overseas reporter. *Nick* is very deft at holding a mattress against his rack. This is not his only talent, however, for besides writing, cribbage, and baseball he holds a prominent position on our current events reviewing board, where his quips have added considerable spice to the proceedings.



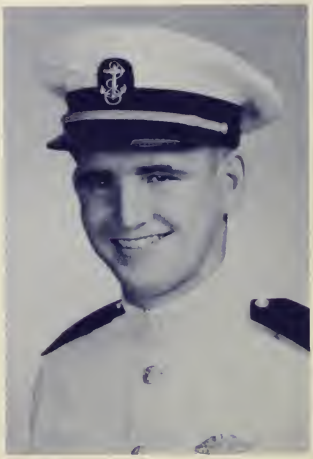
JOHN J. O'BRIEN
7 Carson Street, Dorchester
Mdsn. Officer, Football Manager, Century Club, Glee Club, Propeller Club

Father John was the unofficial class "sea-lawyer." All problems, domestic, coronary, or curricular, were passed on by *Obie*. With a record of high scholastic achievement, membership in the Century Club, and proven ability as a leader, John has all he needs to make the world notice him.

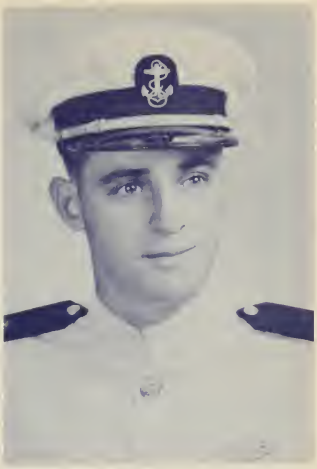
JOHN P. OLEKSEY
831 West Seventh Street, Chester, Pennsylvania
Petty Officer, Century Club, Glee Club, Propeller Club

"C'mon, fellas, gimme a break! I just opened this pack this mornin' and look at it!" Beyond bulb-changing and fuse-pulling, *El Gordo's* life at MMA includes jelly doughnuts, hot tips, and mad dashes to Hyannis. He will probably sorely miss his staff of well-trained "youngsters" when he graduates. As a member of notorious watch one, he had his share of shady "deals" — one of which backfired, allowing him ample time to reminisce about Pennsy and his hitch in the Navy.

DAVID L. OLSON
12 Margaret Street, Arlington
Football, Baseball, Glee Club, Propeller Club



"Ya, sure, dey build skvare portholes on Svedish ships." It's *Gunder,* the "dealer" from Stockholm. An accomplished golfer and skier when he arrived, *Dave* has had little time to pursue these sports, for he has concentrated on other, fairer fields of conquest. His weekend practice of the *ars amatoris* furnished lively fuel for our Sunday night post mortems. His quiet, easy-going manner will certainly aid him in the future.

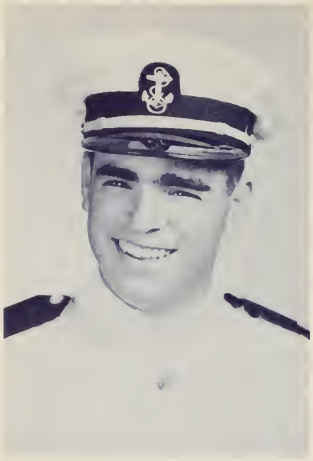


WILLIAM D. PANORA
19 Saunders Street, North Weymouth
Century Club, Football, Glee Club,
Propeller Club

Bill left his old outfit in the ETO to join us here. The first thing we noticed about him was that he was extremely hard to slow down. His stately 6'3" frame, sparkling personality, and neat appearance contributed immensely to his popularity. He will always be one of Da Boys.

EMILE J. PARENT, JR.
111 Parker Avenue, Newton Highlands
Petty Officer, Class Secretary, Glee Club,
Propeller Club

Joe is a dashing fellow; meticulous in his dress, he owns every sort of "job" paraphernalia the Ship's Service has to offer. Although he is a dead-ringer for a Parisian hat-designer, his chewed-up pipe, salty dungarees, and jangling keys prove that he is a sailor. By virtue of his fortitude and his incessant approaches to a problem he usually attains his goal.



JOSEPH E. PISCIUNERI
68 Shamrock Street, Springfield
Petty Officer, Football, Glee Club, Propeller Club, MUSTER Staff

Joe supplies the tenor noises for our Questionable Quality Quartet. When you see *Joe* smiling you know he can't see you. Hence he loses the benefit of about fifty percent of the daylight hours, for his smile is ever-ready. But he has his serious side, and his criticism is not unheard. We must admit that Springfield sprang a good one on us.

RICHARD C. PRENTICE
Eastham
Mdsn. Officer, Football, Glee Club
Propeller Club

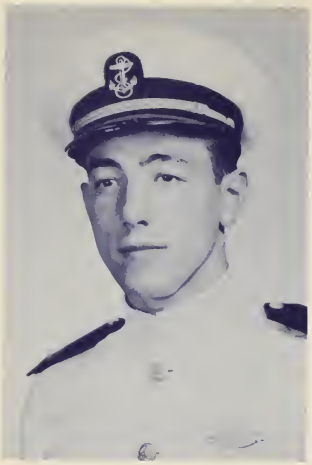
Dick's main preoccupation at MMA was the planning of his week-ends — elaborate, involved affairs indeed. As Chief Organizer of beach parties, he once got caught in one of those sudden thunder-showers and had a short vacation to recuperate. A top man in his class, he was also a winner of numerous contests in Room 24.

LINDSAY N. RIPLEY, JR.
551 Main Street, Medfield
Petty Officer, Football, Baseball, MUSTER Staff, Glee Club, Propeller Club

A friendly smile and a genial personality are *Rip's* major assets — which he uses devastatingly on the lasses of Cape Cod. A liberty pulled with him meant a good liberty. A peripatetic compendium of baseball lore, a streak on the basketball court, a doughty third sacker, *Rip* was a credit to us.

HARRY C. TERPOS
81 Spring Street, Hyannis
Chief Petty Officer, MUSTER Staff, Band, Glee Club, Propeller Club

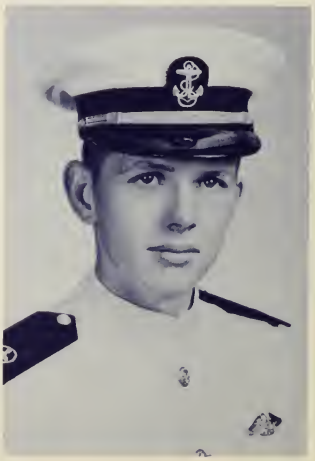
Harry never left home to come to the Academy. Word has it that he taught his mother semaphore and then signalled from the Casbah what he wanted for supper. We know him as a mean man on the clarinet, and we have it on good authority (his) that he is equally a mean man with the fair sex. Maracaibo has a strange fascination for *Hap.*



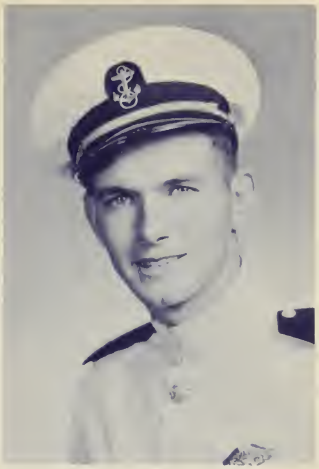
ALFRED J. VISCONTI
56 Prince Street, Boston
Petty Officer, Football, Glee Club, Propeller Club

Our little boy *Al* will live forever in our memories for his comic-books, his hard work, his perpetually depressed sack. Although he had decided to agree with the sea, the affair was pretty one-sided. *Big Al* — we liked him.

PETER J. WATSON
14 Jefferson Street, Fairhaven
Petty Officer, MUSTER Art Editor, Century Club, Glee Club, Propeller Club Secretary

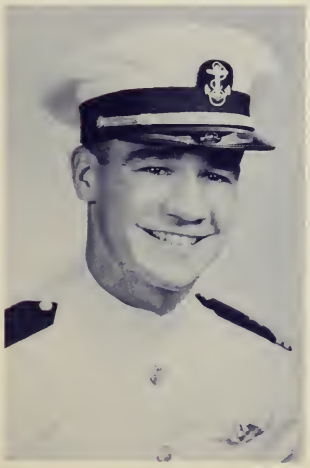


"Let's see now, this mural will extend from that after bulkhead to —" Peter! How many times have we reminded you of weekly inspection? Knock it off. Yes, he tries to add those touches of home even to the grim grey walls of the CHN. His notebooks have been mistaken for the workbooks of Da Vinci — by Panora. When he was elected to the Century Club he had ample time for his avocation. May you always draw your own pay.



JAMES D. WICKWIRE
54 Shirley Street, Winthrop
Petty Officer, MUSTER Staff, Glee Club, Propeller Club

Handsome Jim can usually be found wherever a good bull-session is in progress. *Wick* spends his weekdays in comatose contemplation of his weekends with Janet. His ranginess and height earned him a prominent place on the Sackrats' team. Whenever he donned his "fairy slippers" (heelless, soleless, well-greased) we felt sure that Li'l Abner had j'ined up wif us.



HAROLD L. YOUNG
47 Stafford Street, Plymouth
Mdsn. Officer, Baseball, Co-captain of Football, MUSTER Staff, Glee Club, Propeller Club

Ted is the only man from Plymouth who celebrates Thanksgiving every day. One of the chief causes of his leaving home and coming here was his awe-inspiring and ruthless destruction of food. But he uses the energy he consumes, for he is a leader in the class room and a dynamo on the athletic field. Liked by both his classmates and his instructors, *Ted* has every quality he needs for the future.

EDWARD J. ZIELINSKI
10 Herbert Street, Salem
Petty Officer, MUSTER Staff, Baseball, Glee Club, Propeller Club

Ed was among the first to enjoy the popular and educational Panamanian Exposition of 1948, where, incidentally, he uttered those famous words: "Golly, I wish I smoked." His encyclopedic knowledge of sports causes his predictions to be highly disregarded by his friends. One of his least noticeable qualities is a devotion to the abstract, the spiritual side of life.

FORMER CLASSMATES

Robert B. Cheney, 21 Garfield Road, Belmont

Walton C. Cyliax, 7955 Burholme Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Thomas J. Evans, RFD 5, Salem, Indiana

James C. Gray, 53 Beach Street, Marblehead

Richard J. Gessner, 66 Second Street, Carney's Point, New Jersey

George T. Curley, 510 Eliot Street, Milton

Warren G. Johnson, 716 Fairview Avenue, Chester, Pennsylvania

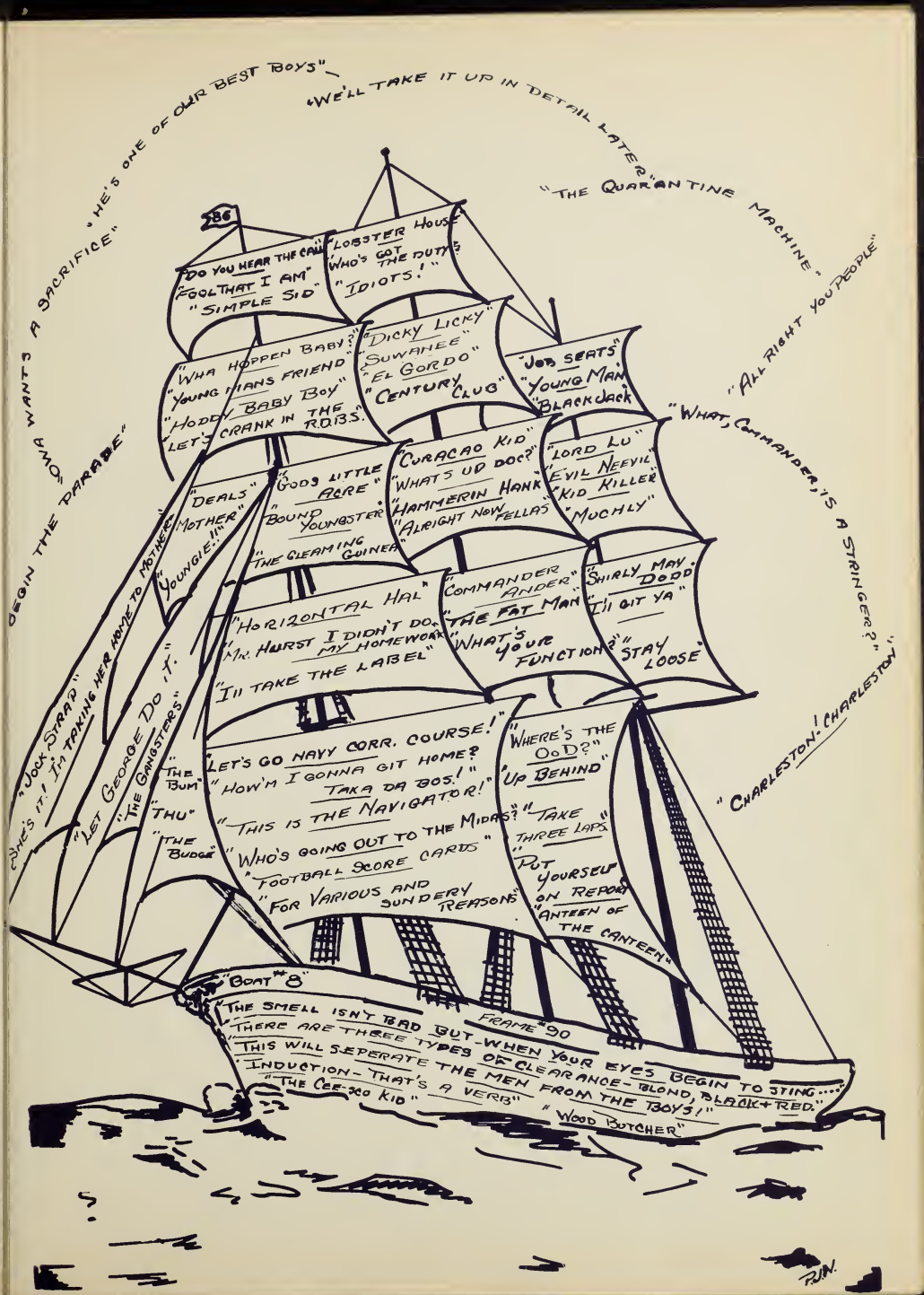
Richard A. Stevens, 253 Governors Avenue, Medford

Edward B. Whittemore, Box 396, North Falmouth

John D. Wilson, 93 Empire Street, Lynn

Edward R. Woodfin, Jr., 349 Savin Hill Avenue, Dorchester

Theodore E. Young, Wharf Lane, Yarmouth Port


"WE'LL TAKE IT UP IN DETAIL LATER"
"THE QUARANTINE MACHINE"
"ALL RIGHT YOU PEOPLE"
"WHAT, COMMANDER, IS A STRINGER?"
"CHARLESTON! CHARLESTON!"
"HE'S ONE OF OUR BEST BOYS"—
"HE'S A SACRIFICE"
"NOW WANTS A SACRIFICE"
"BEGIN THE PARADE"
286
"DO YOU HEAR THE CALL"
"FOOL THAT I AM"
"SIMPLE SID"
"LOBSTER HOUSE"
"WHO'S GOT THE DUTY?"
"IDIOTS!"
"WHA HOPPEN BABY?"
"YOUNG HANS FRIEND"
"HOBEY BABY BOY"
"LET'S CRANK IN THE R.D.I.B.S."
"DICKY LICKY"
"SUWANEE"
"EL GORDO"
"CENTURY CLUB"
"JOB SEATS"
"YOUNG MAN"
"BLACK JACK"
"DEALS"
"MOTHER"
"YOUNGIE!!"
"GODS LITTLE ACRE"
"BOUND YOUNGSTER"
"THE GLEAMING GUINEA"
"CURACAO KID"
"WHAT'S UD DOC?"
"HAMMERIN HANK"
"ALRIGHT NOW FELLAS"
"LORD LU"
"EVIL NEEVIL"
"KID KILLER"
"MUCHLY"
"HORIZONTAL HAL"
"MR. HURST I DIDN'T DO MY HOMEWORK"
"I'll TAKE THE LABEL"
"COMMANDER ANDER"
"THE FAT MAN"
"WHAT'S YOUR FUNCTION?"
"SHIRLY MAY DODD"
"I'll GIT YA"
"STAY LOOSE"
"JOCK STRAP"
"SHE'S IT! I'm TAKING HER HOME TO MOTHER"
"LET GEORGE DO IT."
"THE GANGSTERS"
"THE BUM"
"THU"
"THE BUDGE"
"LET'S GO NAVY CORR. COURSE!"
"HOW'M I GONNA GIT HOME?"
"TAKA DA BOS.!"
"THIS IS THE NAVIGATOR!"
"WHO'S GOING OUT TO THE MIDAS?"
"FOOTBALL SCORE CARDS"
"FOR VARIOUS AND SUNDERY REASONS"
"WHERE'S THE OOD?"
"UP BEHIND"
"TAKE THREE LAPS"
"PUT YOURSELF ON REPORT"
"ANTEEN OF THE CANTEEN"
"BOAT #8"
FRAME #90
"THE SMELL ISN'T BAD BUT WHEN YOUR EYES BEGIN TO STING...."
"THERE ARE THREE TYPES OF CLEARANCE- BLOND, BLACK + RED."
"THIS WILL SEPERATE THE MEN FROM THE BOYS!"
"INDUCTION- THAT'S A VERB"
"THE CEE-300 KID"
"WOOD BUTCHER"
RJN.

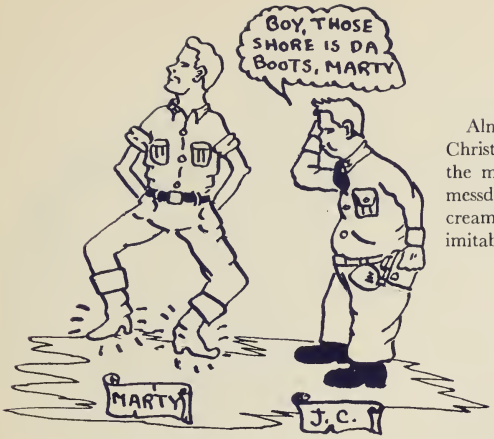
CLASS HISTORY

From the arrival of the Pennsylvanians early in July, 1947, until the middle of October, when Rhode Island's lone representative joined us, almost four months elapsed. In the interim about sixty Bay Staters entered the Academy to carry on the traditions of the old NANTUCKET. Never before in the long and colorful history of the school had a class taken so long to become a class. But we did it.

To complicate the situation further, it seemed that each new arrival in the morning was matched by a departure that evening. Those first few members of our class found it rather discouraging as we tried vainly to cope with the many demands on our time made by the upperclassmen.

Despite a Christian desire to warn our new classmates of their future troubles, we welcomed them instead as a means of easing our burden slightly.

However, it was not all a bed of nails, for the majority of us struggled through that autumn in one piece. Football that year is better unspoken of — we won no games. During the latter part of the season we were hosts to Bergen Junior College, giving a dance in the auditorium, which was deftly disguised by lavish use of crepe paper and cartoons by Smith. A number of us attended, since we had all contributed five dollars and had done the decorating.



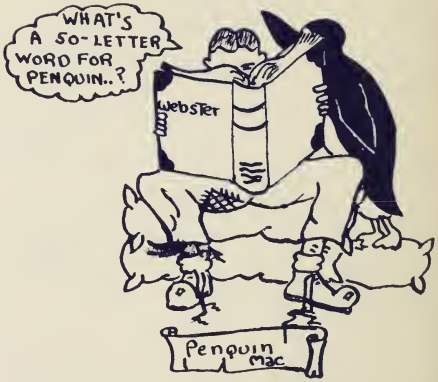
Almost before we were aware of it Christmas leave had crept up. We made the most of it, after a gala party on the messdeck, complete with movies, ice cream, cake, and gifts from our own inimitable Santa Claus, Mr. Weber.

The other highlight of that first autumn was the arrival of Lieutenant Commander John Morgan Cease, USN, as head of the Naval Science Department. From then on life seemed to be nothing but dress blue inspections, with the inevitable results for those who did not measure up to Mr. Cease's critical eye. We learned fast — naturally! — and soon we were a taut, well-drilled unit immaculately uniformed.

New Year's Eve flashed past, and we were back, making preparations for the coming cruise. We learned just how long and cold those trips to Buzzards Bay in the truck could be.

The cruise, briefly, began on a cold day in January and ended on an even colder day in April. We acquired considerable skill, operating three different ships and handling and stowing cargo as practiced by the Phoenecians.

Ten days of leave were spent in flashing our tropic tans to our homefolk and practicing what we had preached in our letters to our girls.



As is ever the case, good things do not last. On our return from leave we found that our most-cherished possession had been tampered with. Because of the new ship our liberties now ran long — duty, instead of two out of three.

The long summer days found us coping with classes, duties at both Hyannis and Buzzards Bay, and the inevitable turn-tos. Suddenly the semester was over, and after sweating out our exams we had a few days of leave.

Smugly we returned to our duties, for a new class had entered: we were no longer "young men." We were busy sewing on our shiny new diagonals that proved our status as "second jobs" when the senior engineer coolly rocked us back

on our heels with "As far as I'm concerned you're all youngies until the day I graduate." Despite this grim warning life became much less complex, and we settled down to enjoy Cape Cod Indian Summer.

Of course, we studied; in fact, we resolved to do better, now that we had plenty of little helpers to man the brooms and swabs, while we directed operations with lordly condescension. We paid little heed to the astonishing turnover of instructors — and soon little heed to the astonished instructors. We were sorry to lose such capable men as Mr. Cameron and Mr. Esposito.

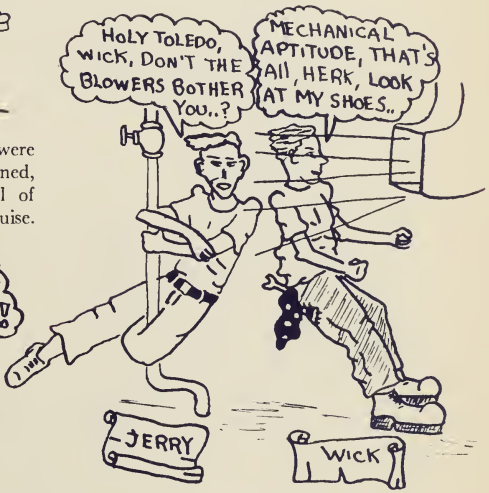
Busy preparations were made for another rugged season of football. Much credit for a successful season must be given to the high spirits in which both team and spectators entered each game. After losing to our rivals, Maine, we held a most lively dance for them at Legion Hall in Hyannis.

A reasonably mild winter found us in virtual hibernation (mentally, at any rate). We shivered during dark morning and evening formations and we marched briskly between dormitory and classrooms. Our precious idle hours we spent in talk and horseplay. About this time the CHARLESTON went up to the Navy Yard, taking the first class with her. What peace! What pleasant days!

The calendar flipped over and we were off for Christmas leave again. Returned, we started cramming the CHN full of everything we would need on cruise.

Although sailing date was 15 January, we boarded her a week ahead of time to settle into the different routine of the ship.

The cruise lived up to expectations. Most of our pre-cruise resolutions were cast to the four winds. On board ship we surrendered to the daily round of watches, maintenance, and noon sights (fully explained on page 069 of the *American Practical Navigator*, by one Nathaniel Bowditch).



Ashore, we availed ourselves of every opportunity to visit colorful spots of local interest and observe social conditions in the Caribbean ports. We even managed to learn a little navigation and seamanship from our officers.

Among our memories of the cruise are our dinners back aft with Captain Wilson. We hope they were as pleasant and enlightening for him as they were for us.

Soon we were home again, and on leave. When we returned we found that the school was to remain with the ship at Buzzards Bay. We began our classes in

the building on the State Pier with the CHARLESTON serving as a floating dormitory and laboratory. On 15 June Captain Copeland was officially relieved by Captain Wilson. We will long remember Captain Copeland's farewell address, in which he so clearly summed up our situation in the words: "Hang on and hope."

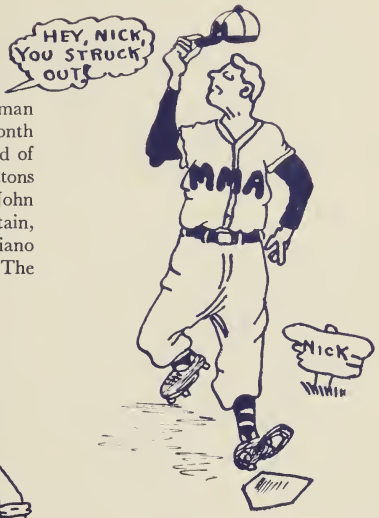
Then our day of liberation arrived — we attended the graduation exercises of the class of 1949. With uplifted hearts we rode back to Buzzards Bay, resolved to recapture some of the carefree college life we had known in Hyannis.

We did pretty well, too. We were getting more liberty than ever before now; the beaches were well-populated with the right sort of personnel; the nights were warm and the drinks were cold. With a shock we realized that semester exams were in sight. Long hours of communing with our books strengthened us for the coming contest. After arduous toil we emerged, bloody but unbowed.

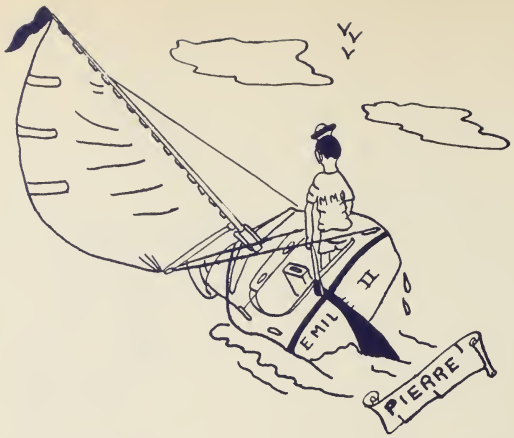
The leisurely pace of our life at MMA quickened as we in our turn assumed the lordly role of "upper job." Dizzily the days sped by, until our memories too became affected, so that there remain only snatches of thought, a casual phrase, a fleeting moment unintelligible to anyone but ourselves. Here, for better or worse, they are:

. . . Hopp's wild math classes climaxed with: "Who's got an eraser? . . . All right, then, I'll make the sacrifice!" . . . Rog Freeman and his many water-fights, sparing none from the innocent underclassman to the equally innocent OOD . . . Idiot! . . . The repeated emptying of the trash barrel before the 9:15 show . . .

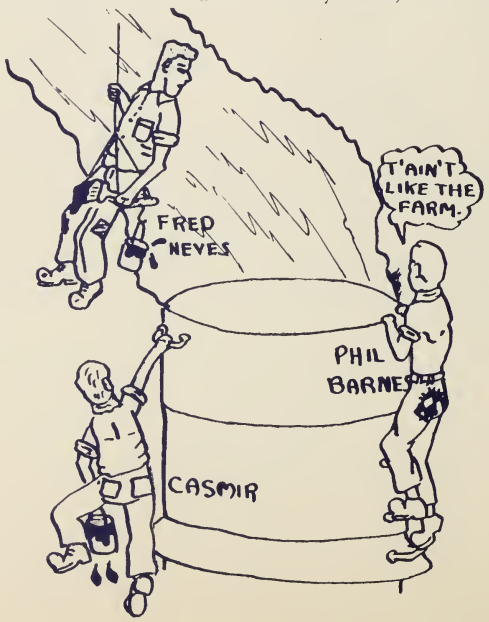
The Century Club . . . The nice old man who belonged to the Hat-of-the-Month Club . . . "I'm English and I'm proud of it — " SPLASH! . . . Checking buttons and uniforms before going into John Morgan's classes . . . The old Captain, his stove and his newspapers . . . Piano concerts (you know where) . . . The



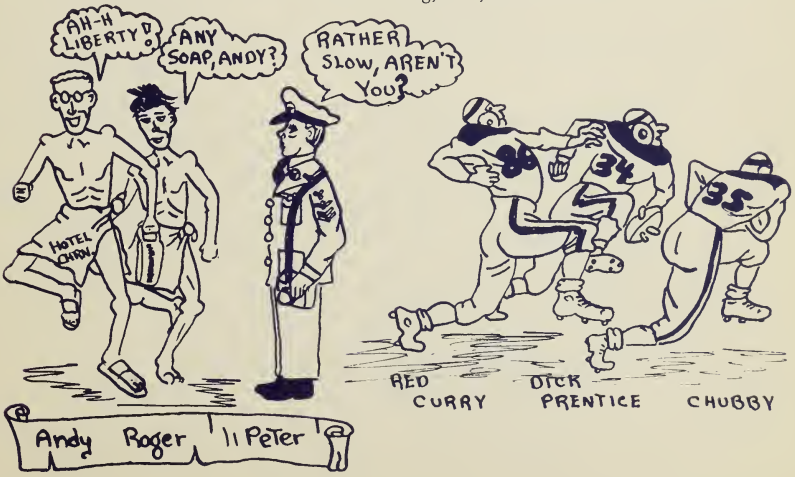
Ritual of the Sacred Pumpkin . . . Big Ed and his football scorecards . . . The Ring Dance . . . Rooms 523, 127, and 113 at the Copley . . . The omnipresent faculty supporters of our athletic program . . . Boxing matches on the mess deck — Attaboy, Kesty! . . . Our foster parents, Billy and Jimmy . . . The highly disputa-



ble seating-plan . . . Band practice . . . Frank McGlynn and his trips to Brighton . . . "Strip films today. Sacks!" . . . Chub and his racing broadcasts . . . The cowboy boot fad . . . Weekends on the motorboat . . . Dress blue inspections . . . The bucket brigade . . . Mandly on the bass drum . . . Anteen's Canteen . . . Hal and his bebop bifocals . . . The Navy physicals, with the worry-warts memorizing the eye-charts . . . And the very few firstclassmen who missed the weekly mast . . . Exam week, "Gobo and Nails," and the midnight oil . . . Our transportation: The Black Beetle, The Weymouth Bomber, Minky's fleet, The Cranberry Special,



Frenchy's convertible, Herc's Eerie Oldsmobile, Phil's Immobile Mass . . . The test of the class beer-mugs (they didn't leak) . . . The Yearbook Staff . . . late hours, headaches, and eyestrain . . . The Basketball League, with the upperjobs in the cellar . . . Frankie's mangled trumpet . . . Coffee and Cokes in the Junior Wardroom . . . The Distillers' League . . . Two weeks at the shipyard — bankers' hours . . . Captain Wilson's parties . . . Who closed the gate on the kipper — screech! . . . A week at fire-fighting school . . . Champagne at the frat house . . . The married men of the class of '50 . . . Acrobatics on the foretruck . . . Chief Marden's Big, Bad, Book . . .



SOCIAL EVENTS

Football Dance

During the Fall of 1948 our annual football Dance took place. The auditorium of Rice Hall was disguised with fathoms of crepe paper and the inevitable cartoons by Smith. Our guests were the Superintendent and his lady, and many of the officers and their ladies.

A talent show arranged by Mr. Harrington was the hit of the evening. Harry Terpos and Frank Burns played our ears off, Mr. Cease revealed a hitherto-hidden mastery of the clarinet. When asked to explain his talent he said, "Twelve years ago I was playing in a band in Oklahoma and starving; I decided to join the Navy — and look at me now!" Charlie Higman sang, and Ralph Gerbrands displayed his gifted ability on the piano.

A short intermission followed the awarding of prizes; and then we danced on until midnight.

YEARBOOK DANCE

One of the most successful dances we have had took place at the Community Hall in Hyannis after the Maine game. The unpleasant chore of giving the football trophy back to Maine accomplished, we enjoyed a buffet supper under the softly-lighted decorations that we had slaved so long over.

Most of our girls stayed overnight, thanks to the Dance Committee's arranging for reservations, and next morning many of us went to church with them, before we had to resume our routine.

Ring Dance

The Sheraton Room of the Copley-Plaza Hotel in Boston was the setting for our Class Ring Dance — which we hope will become a tradition. With many distinguished guests present, with record attendance by the Midshipmen, with beautiful girls in colorful evening gowns, with excellent music by Freddie Sateriale, the affair was a complete success.

The traditional ceremony of presentation of the rings under the flower-covered replica in the middle of the floor was the climax of the evening.

Regretfully indeed we stopped dancing at midnight, adjourning to numerous private places to carry on the festivities.

COLOR GUARD

Color Bearer—*U.S. Ensign* ..... STANFORD W. HAMMOND
Color Bearer—*State Flag* ..... CARL W. HALVORSEN
Color Bearer—*Infantry Flag* ..... PHILIP C. BARNES
Color Guard ..... ROGER D. FREEMAN
Color Guard ..... ALFRED J. VISCONTI

THE ACADEMY BAND

First row: Currier, D. Howes, Trenholm, Garniss
Second row: Soares, Churchill, Sterling, Rogers
Third row: Hartwell, Gifford, Pattee, Reed
Fourth row: Flynn, Panora, Dodge, Gould

THE 1950 MUSTER

Front row, left to right: Kenniff, Gorman, Full, McGlynn, Curry, Watson, Nicholson
Second row, left to right: Ripley, Pisciuneri, Young, Coburn, Johnson, Johnston
Third row, left to right: Murphy, Hammond, Bennett, Alden, Gifford, Maichle
Fourth row, left to right: Haslam, Collins, Olson, Greene, Callanan, Swett, Lombard

SECOND CLASS

First row: Fettig, Barrett, Haslam, Reynolds, Barry, Farrell, Hartwell, Dodge
Second row: Sheehy, Estes, P. Henry, Tarpey, Greene, T. Henry, Howes
Third row: Callanan, O'Leary, Viviano, Lootz, Schuerch, Vessie, Currier
Fourth row: Chesebrough, Pankopf, Lombard, Query, Roulston, Scott, Rogers
Absent from picture: Blackington, Green, Wright

First row: R. Sullivan, Cooper, Anacki, Collins, Iannicheri, Maria
Second row: Phillips, Maichle, Gietek, Scarbrough, Shaughnessy, Alden
Third row: Menzler, Brady, Leonard, Murphy, Perry, Carvalho
Fourth row: Soares, Sterling, Gifford, Swett, L. Sullivan, Pacuk
Absent from picture: Healey, Severyn

THIRD CLASS

First row: Reed, Shortell, Caporal, Schutz, Beach, Eagan

Second row: Calkins, Maginnis, Stratouly, Monahon, Ryan, Pattee

Third row: Trenholm, Roden, J. Childs, Chamberland, Shea

Fourth row: Holway, Caswell, Arcikowski, Jackson, Purves

Absent from picture: Curran, Fitzpatrick, Garniss, Giuliano, Higgins, J. T. Howes, Kaye, Mackenzie, Minville, O'Connor, Peters, Petzold, Stennes, K. White, Wilsing, A. Zielinski

First row: W. Sullivan, Spratt, Hamlet, Rugani, Burke, Bagni

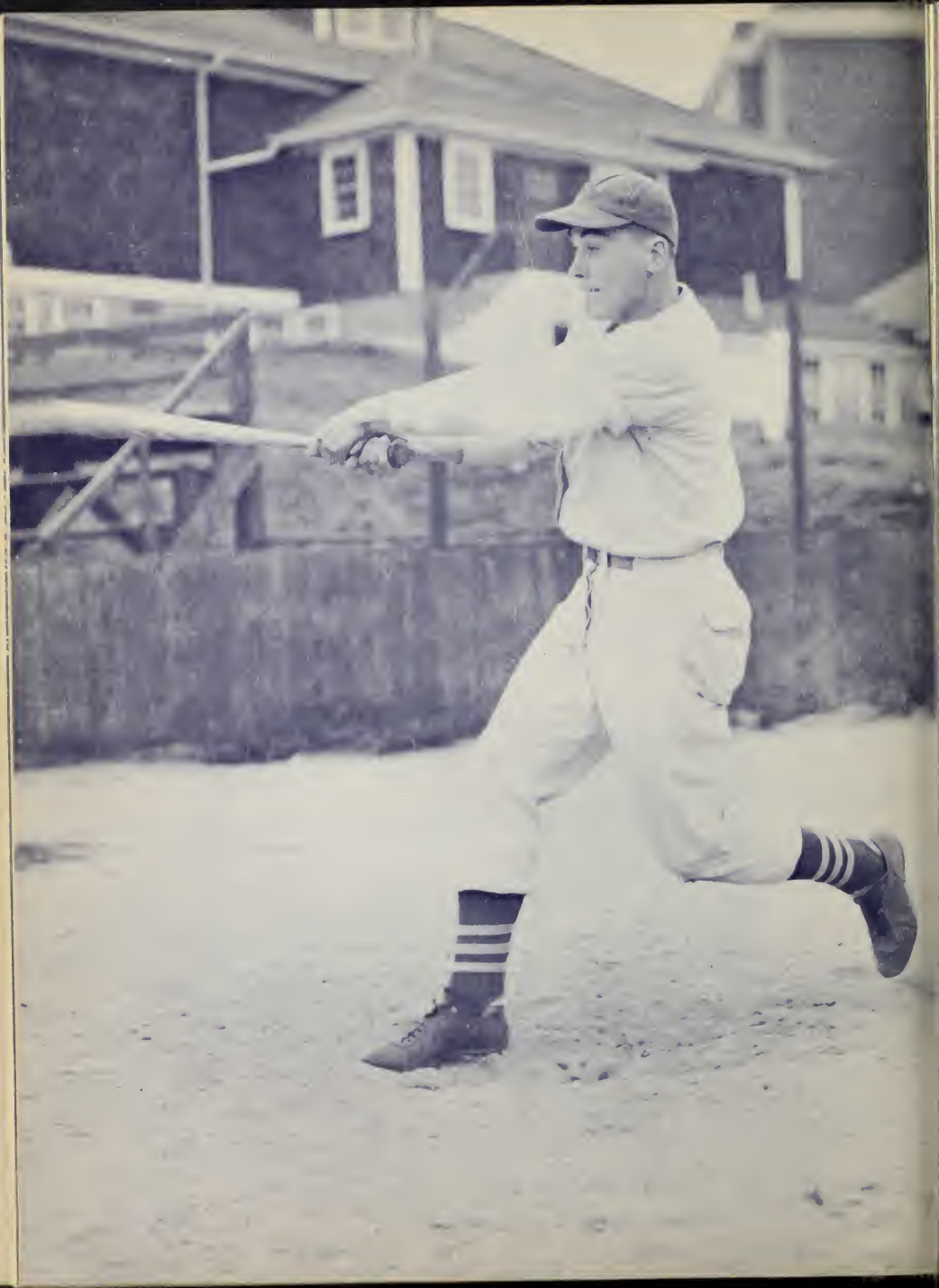
Second row: St. Germaine, Panora, Pratt, Malon, Sampson, Torrey

Third row: Shaw, O'Donnell, Duke, Curry, Parker, Williston

Fourth row: Davidson, Loubris, Hendy, Makowicz, Farmer, O'Connell

Fifth row: Thompson, R. White, Barnum, Naroian, Arena, Lopaus

Sixth row: Flynn, O'Neill, Churchill, Panarese



SPORTS

FOOTBALL

Although the record of the 1949 season was not an impressive one, we who cheered the team on despite its setbacks knew the full story. That Coach Harrington was able to field a team at all was a tribute to his perseverence and enthusiasm.

Last year we had a field at our disposal; this year Mr. Harrington had to search quite a while before he could find a suitable pasture for us to practice in. He improvised dressing facilities in a barn near the field. It was small wonder, then, that the team was off to a late start.

However, with the able assistance of co-captains Young and Curry, the coach had an enthusiastic, fighting aggregation ready for its first game.

New Bedford Textile

Our team started well, holding their hosts scoreless for the first half. But the inevitable injuries to be expected of an incompletely-trained team took their toll. Viviano got three cracked ribs and guard *Joe* Pisciuneri fractured his hand. In the third period quarterback *Roy* Shaughnessy twisted his knee.

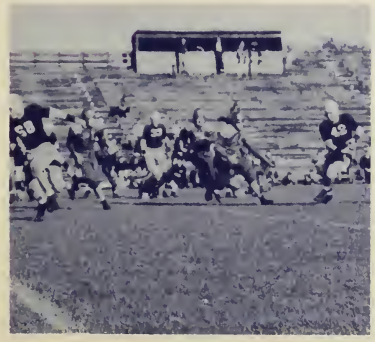
Consequently, with several of our best men benched, New Bedford was able to pass for two touchdowns, although we spoiled their tries for point each time. Then Captain Young twisted his ankle in the fourth period.

We were all satisfied that without the injuries we would perhaps have beaten New Bedford, instead of losing by a mere 12-0.

Philips Andover

We traveled to Andover determined to start winning. But two fumbles by us during the first half became touchdowns for Andover, making the score 13-0. That was the final score.

Although we held them scoreless from then on we were unable to capitalize on the opportunities we had to turn in tallies. Again, we lost one of our best men when *Big Bill* Panora suffered an ankle injury. *Chub* Coburn was superb on the offensive, while *Dick* Moore, *Mauky* McHale, and *Red* Curry starred defensively.



Nichols Junior College

Hard-hit by injuries, the Mariners traveled to Webster for their first night game. We soon realized that we had met a powerhouse, for we were steamrollered 33-0. Coach Harrington used many substitutions in order to give his injured players a good rest. Despite the score, the team showed a fighting spirit until the end, disputing each yard of territory grimly. The attitude of the team boded well for our next game.

Leicester Junior College

With the team back to full strength we found out what it felt like to *be* a steamroller. Poor Leicester pulled the lean end of a 33-0 score. *Dave* Kaye carried the ball over three times, while *Bob* Viviano and *Roy* Shaughnessy each tallied once. Kaye and Young rushed two of the extra points, and *Roy* Shaughnessy each tallied once. Kaye and Young rushed two of the extra points, and *Roy* Shaughnessy passed to *Dick* Gietek for the third one.

Two of the touchdowns were set up by *Dave* Olson's brilliant long runs through the middle of the line. The team was unbeatable defensively.

Dean Academy

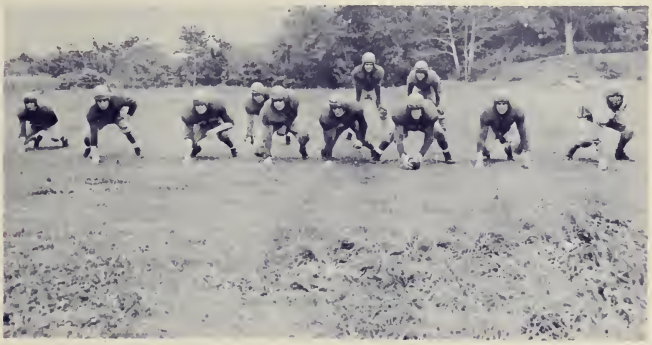
With a two-week rest and no practice because of our visit to the shipyard, we traveled to Franklin to play the *Red Raiders* of Dean. Aided by the brilliant passing of All-State quarterback Armand Columbo, Dean scored on three passes, while *Dave* Kaye pushed across our lone tally, with *Ted* Young running the extra point across.

Although the final score was 19-7, we knew that the team was getting set for a win, from the way in which it smothered Dean's attempts to gain on the ground. We should mention *Art* Pankop's handy work as blocking back, who mowed down enemy tacklers.

Maine Maritime Academy

Our traditional rivals entertained us and defeated us this year again, by a score of 26-7. Maine's well-drilled team kept us out of reach of their goal-line most of the time, and their passes were just too much for us.

Roy Shaughnessy passed to Gietek for our only score, and *Ted* Young ran for the extra point. Defensively we were good, with Burns, Hammond, Curry, and Pisciuneri playing particularly good ball. But their passes did the trick for them. We knew that we had been well-beaten when the game was over.



Director of Athletics and Coach
LT(JG) Lee Harrington

Trainer
HMC Arthur L. Williams

Co-Captains
Harold L. Young
Ronald J. Curry

Managers
Alvin H. Mandly
John J. O'Brien

Assistant Managers
William C. Menzler
Robert H. Sullivan

McHale
Coburn
Pisciuneri
Hammond
Prentice
Olson
Scarbrough
Pankopf
Shaughnessy

Kaye
Gietek
Severyn
Iannicheri
Flynn
Zielinsky, A. S.
Stennes
Thompson
Maginnis
Scott

Hendy
Naroian
Spratt
Fitzpatrick
Rugani
Viviano
White
Makowicz
Burns

BASEBALL

The Massachusetts Maritime Academy baseball team went into action as soon as our cruise was over and our ship secured for the summer. After several weeks of conditioning, the team began to take shape. The first class, due to graduate in June, dominated the starting positions, although several third classmen proved their worth early in the season.

Some of the better teams of the fast Cape Cod League went down to defeat at the hands of the Mariners. Highlight of the spring season was the first trip of the baseball team to Portland, Maine. In a night-game before a capacity crowd we met the rival Mariners of Maine — and lost a tough one 3-2. We are determined to return and eventually gain permanent possession of the Governor's Cup.

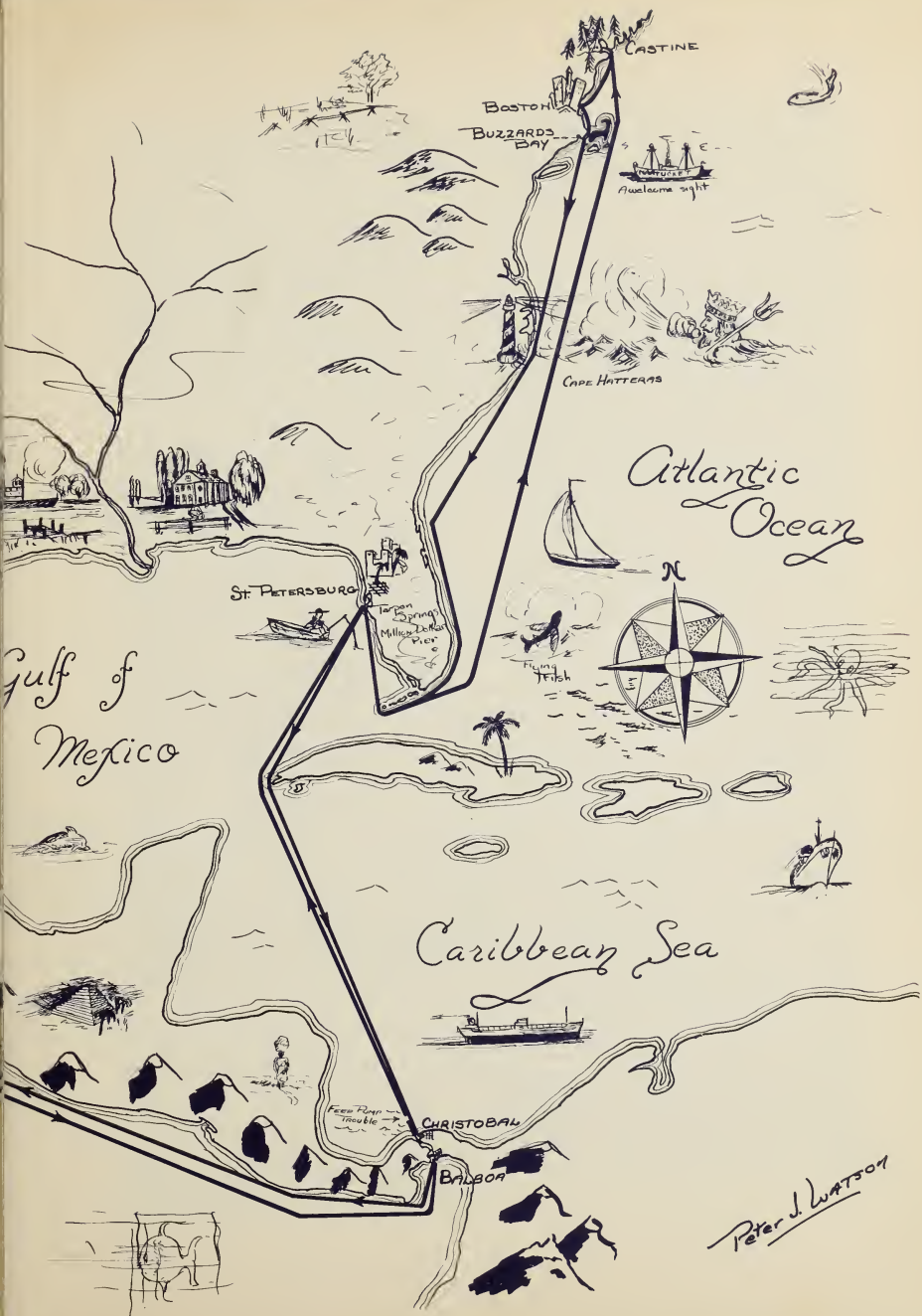
After graduation of the first class competition for the first nine was intense. Our schedule in the Upper Cape League was a tough one, and we took some time to reconstitute ourselves a team. However, by the end of the season we were firmly established as one of the better teams of the League. We lost a lot of close games, but the spirit was there, and we had our new uniforms to look good in.

We finished the season in a burst of glory by defeating a very strong Sagamore nine and eliminating them from the second half championship. That same night Captain and Mrs. Wilson entertained us at their home, where we were greeted by our loyal supporters among the officers.

It was a good season — one which promises well for the next year.

Coach:
Mr. Harrington
Pitchers:
Shaughnessy, Gietek
Infielders:
Hendy, Zielinski, McAvoy, Iannicheri,
Carvalho, Ripley
Catcher:
Anacki
Outfielders:
Nicholson, Olson, Curry, Severyn,
O'Leary, Young
Captain:
Nicholson

Market Street
Cable Cars
Telegraph Hill
Ferry Bldg.
Golden Gate Bridge
Bay Bridge
China Town
Alcatraz
Cliff House
Twin Peaks
Mark Hopkins Hotel
Death Valley
SAN FRANCISCO
HUNTERS POINT
HOLLYWOOD
LOS ANGELES
Oil Wells
LONG BEACH
Pacific Ocean
ACAPULCO
1948
CRUISE
12680 MILES
JAN. 16 TO APRIL 27
USMSTS AMERICAN SAILOR
USMSTS AMERICAN MARINER
USTS CHARLESTON
USMSTS AMERICAN MARINER


CASTINE
BOSTON
BUZZARDS BAY
Awesome sight
CAPE HATTERAS
Atlantic Ocean
N
ST. PETERSBURG
Tarpon Springs
Miller's Dock
Pier
Flying Fish
Gulf of Mexico
Caribbean Sea
FEES PUMP TROUBLE
CHRISTOBAL
BALBOA
Peter J. Watson

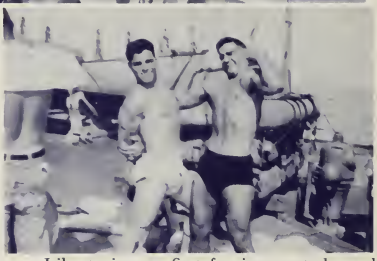
From the end of our Christmas leave until sea-day anticipation of the cruise grew within the Academy, for this was the first for either of us. We were soon to know the hardships and pleasures of the seafarer's life.

Seabags, chests, stores, miscellaneous gear of all sorts piled up in Hyannis, were transferred to Buzzards Bay, and were stowed somewhere within the seemingly expansible compartments of the ship. Mightly were the preparations, mighty the accomplishments, but finally the day arrived, as did the ship with Maine aboard.

Our first sight of the USMSTS AMERICAN SAILOR was from our buses as we all journeyed to the State Pier to board her. She looked small — until we got aboard and got lost in the maze of passages and compartments. The week's trip to St. Petersburg was well-enjoyed in acquiring our sea-legs and getting used to a totally different way of life.

We "salts" stormed ashore in St. Pete bent on pleasure. We found it, too, for the town was hospitable, the swimming was good, and the girls were friendly. Meanwhile we and our opposite numbers from Maine transferred all our gear onto the AMERICAN MARINER for the next leg of the trip.

Soon the MARINER'S mighty "recip" was pushing us slowly but surely across the Caribbean toward the Canal. In no time at all the deckmen discovered how to write their names in the ship's wake, turning back every so often to dot an "i" or cross a "t". Meanwhile, the engineers — not to be outdone — found ways of coaxing a few more turns from the battered wheel of the ship. Despite all this, very soon we were steaming through the breakwater at Cristobal.



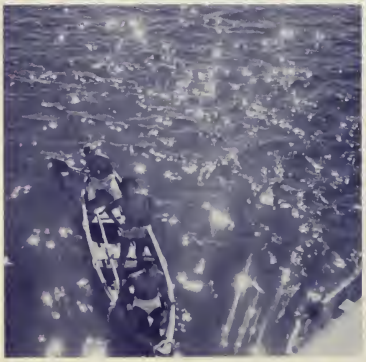
Liberty in our first foreign port showed us the ways of the people and the value of the dollar. The evenings found us enjoying the quiet and restful atmosphere of the Copa Cabana, the Club Florida, El Morocco, and other similar places.

Finally, with the usual collection of souvenirs and memorable experiences, we withdrew from Colon, leaving it none the worse for wear. Perhaps the most memorable experience was the quaint native cry which echoed constantly through the teeming streets of the town: "Hey, Chief!"

As we approached the Big Ditch we held an abandon sack drill, for everyone wanted to see this feat of engineering. Bedecked with cameras, we all stayed topside while the pilot jockeyed us through the narrow cuts and up and down the locks. Soon the broad Pacific received us, and we squared away for the run to Acapulco.

Amid the banging of chipping-hammers and the swishing of paint-brushes the now-gleaming MARINER swept regally into the beautiful land-locked harbor. Gleaming luxury hotels perched on the heights above us, while the town huddled under the now-useless guns of the ancient Spanish fort. We soon found our way to these pleasure domes, and, needless to say, we spent most of our time at them, drinking in the beauties of this famous resort.

The rest of the time we spent swimming or bartering with the natives, who, incidentally, knew well the meaning of the verb — if the number of curios and nondescript items that found their way aboard is any criterion.



With memories of luxury in our minds and left-over pesos in our pockets, we awoke to find ourselves answering liberty call in Long Beach. Our precious forty-eight was exploited to the utmost, as we roamed all over Los Angeles and — of course — Hollywood. Some few strays even penetrated as far as Glendale and the Mount Palomar Observatory, but most of us were lured by the bright lights of the Strip, where we settled down like old habitués.

All too soon we were nursing the old "recip" over the now not so peaceful Pacific on our last lap. Early one morning we made the turn and steamed under the Golden Gate Bridge into San Francisco Bay.

As we sailed closer to Hunter's Point we all looked anxiously for our transportation home. Finally she was spotted. A few carefully selected remarks are quoted here: "Is that all?" "What! only one gun?" "I think I should'a stood at home." "Who'll be stroke-oar?" It was the CHARLESTON, with her 328-foot length literally covered with workmen, steam lines, welding cables, and miscellaneous junk.

We moved aboard, leaving our Maine buddies in the comparative luxury of the MARINER. And we worked. After numerous trial-runs and adjustments, during which time our scheduled ten days became almost a month, we had her ready.

We watched the MARINER leave on time, and we played in the fabulous hills of San Francisco, exploring the limitless opportunities for amusement. We never did cover them all, for our purses were not limitless; and soon many of us turned to the quieter pleasures afforded by the Naval Shipyard. Our slogan became "Buzzards Bay by Labor Day."

At last we shoved off and began the run down the west coast of Mexico, trying to catch up with the MARINER. The long haul passed quickly, but at Balboa we were still two days behind her.

Panama City was given the once-over-lightly for souvenirs, trinkets, alligator bags, and perfumes, before we headed into the Canal.

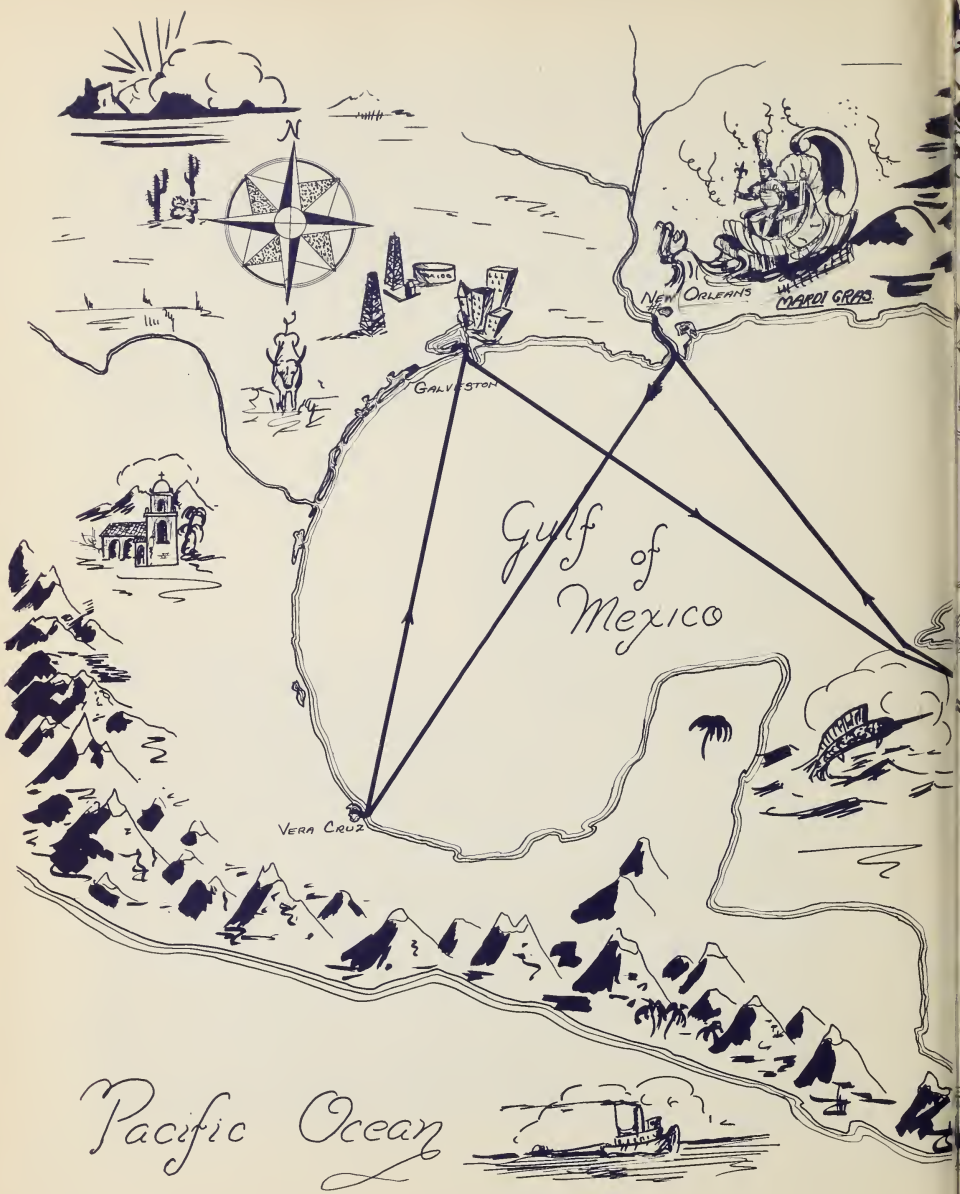
Quickly through, we left the breakwater of Cristobal behind and headed with a heave and a roll for St. Petersburg. As we tied up alongside the MARINER we were greeted most enthusiastically by the Maine men, for we were their transportation home. In three days we had crammed the last Maine Midshipman into our already bulging interior, and after renewing old friendships in the town we set off in a cloud of smoke.

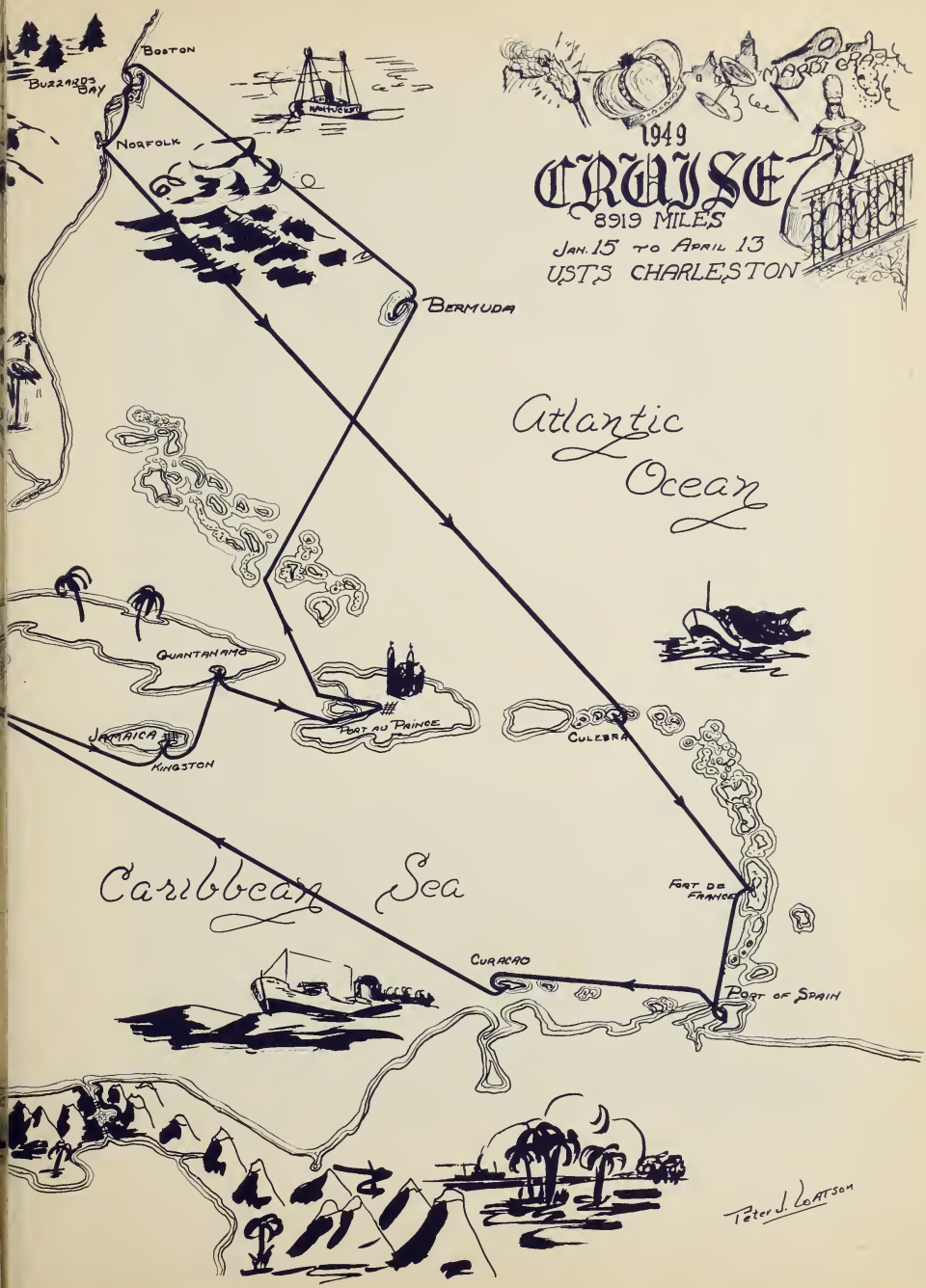
Our passengers, who were used to the leisurely ways of the MARINER in a seaway, distinctly regretted the more frisky antics of the CHN. Many of them acquired an intimate knowledge of the look of the ocean from the lee rail.

In due course, however, we were sailing up the smooth reaches of Penobscot Bay, and the pre-departure bustle began. As we swung into the dock at Castine we were welcomed by the whole town. Quickly all their gear was placed on the dock, and next morning we sailed for home.

Anchoring off Sandwich to wait for the tide was a tantalizing business, but finally we were slicing through the Canal to meet a tremendous din of automobile horns at State Pier.

The cruise was over; we were salty tellers of sea-yarns who could astonish the ordinary landlubber with our knowledge of distant shores. Stowing our sextants and steaming-shoes, we threw ourselves into the task of becoming landlubbers ourselves again.


N
NEW ORLEANS
MARDI GRAS
GALVESTON
Gulf of Mexico
VERA CRUZ
Pacific Ocean


1949
CRUISE
8919 MILES
JAN. 15 TO APRIL 13
USTS CHARLESTON
BOSTON
BUZZARDS BAY
NANTUCKET
NORFOLK
BERMUDA
Atlantic Ocean
GUANTANAMO
JAMAICA
KINGSTON
PORT AU PRINCE
CULEBRA
Caribbean Sea
FORT DE FRANCE
CURACAO
PORT OF SPAIN
Peter J. Loatson

With the salt acquired on the first cruise worn very thin indeed we set forth again on our travels — this time for a thorough exploration of the Caribbean. We stopped a few hours at Norfolk on ship's business (*Fueling At Sea* — remember, fellows?), and then we braved Hatteras. After a short, uncomfortable period we were in the Gulf Stream, and next we knew we dropped the hook in the sand of Great Harbor, Culebra Island.

Culebra, a small island a few wet miles southeast of Puerto Rico, is inhabited largely by uninhibited ponies — at least the contents of sick bay would so affirm. We cleaned up the ship and perfected our drills during our stay here. The engineers in boat number eight far outshone the deckmen in abandon ship drill.

The next leg of four hundred miles was covered in a leisurely manner by the simple expedient of reversing course for a while. Finally, the second day out, we bounced our heaving-lines on the dock at Fort de France. Here the pressing question was: How many francs for a fin? Having solved the problem we scattered in all directions, our pockets bulging with the answer.

Some of us roamed through the Fort St. Louis, while others journeyed across the island to St. Pierre and to nearby Mount Pele. The more leisurely brethren swam and relaxed at the Club Nautique or the Air France Hotel. The dizzy speed of the taxis rounding the awful turns of the mountain roads amazed us until we realized that their tachometers were graduated in kilometers.

Of course, we started stocking-up at once. Gallons of perfume, multi-hued berets, and articles that may only be described as collector's items disappeared into the ship. Finally, just as most of us were becoming hardened to the deafening noise of popping corks, liberty was over and we headed for Trinidad.

The Caribbean was gentle, we were enjoying our new role as secondclassmen, and we were convinced that the sailor's life was worth something, as we headed for the island of calypso and rum.

As we secured the lines with one hand and squared our hats with the other for liberty, we could see the crowds of wondering natives already forming on the dock of the Army Base in Port of Spain. Soon we were bargaining for everything from the Governor's mansion to a walking-stick. Those of us who escaped headed for the famous Pitch Lake or the Botanical Gardens, or holed up in one of the modern hotels.

Soon we moved to the Naval Operating Base to refuel. Most hospitably greeted by our ambassadors-in-uniform, we returned the welcome by defeating their baseball team 6-0. Then time was up, and we sailed on to the Dutch island of Curacao, with its very Dutch capital of Willemstad.

Riding in the trough all the way, we soon found out who were the boys aboard. The three days actually included only seventy-two hours, although they seemed interminable to some. As we entered the harbor a typical Dutch city appeared before our amazed eyes.

After two days of rough weather, the ship settled down to a long, smooth haul. We swarmed over her with our usual vigor, chipping and painting, so that by the time we were at the delta she was a trim, gleaming craft.

Fog at the mouth of the river delayed us awhile, but soon it lifted, and we were racing upstream toward Mardi Gras. That night we anchored off the city, and in the morning we tied up at Poydras Street Wharf.

This port, the third-largest in terms of tonnage handled, was an educational opportunity for us. Here is one of the world's largest oil-refineries; the port was busy handling cargo and fuel from many different ships; we could observe and note.

Incidentally, we also acquired watches, silver, straw mats (presumably for sleeping in doorways), and other objects d'art. The guilders no longer burned holes in our pockets.

On our way to sea we passed the sunken, overturned hull of our sister-ship, the ERIE, lost during the war. We set our lubber's line on course 304 and drove for New Orleans.

Our arrival went unnoticed, for the carnival spirit had already seized the city. Since there was no way in which we could affect the proceedings, we wisely decided to lend a hand. We participated in a parade, making our debut on television, as some of our brethren who saw the show will testify.

We explored this ancient, fascinating city thoroughly. The French Quarter took our fancy, particularly. The Propeller Club held a dance for us, and traditional Southern hospitality enveloped us.

Mardi Gras Day passed, and the city rapidly returned to normal, the streets were again navigable. With the going of the revelry we went, too, slipping easily down the ninety miles of the Mississippi to the Gulf.

As we headed for Mexico we brushed up our long-neglected Spanish, for Vera Cruz was our destination. Here indeed was a treasure-house of souvenirs — huaraches, serapes, leather goods were crammed into our groaning lockers. The Mexican Maritime Academy, whom we had entertained aboard ship, held a reception in our honor. It was the best party we had attended. The beaches and the sidewalk cafes, where marimba bands continually serenaded us, kept us happy during the remaining liberty.

As the last peso was handed through the porthole for some last-minute article, the pilot again took over and we were underway for our next port — Galveston.

Tying up near the world's largest grain elevator, we again headed directly for liberty. This meant navigating our way over a railroad crossing. Apparently the railroad knew our liberty schedule, for they always (most considerately, we thought) had at least one long freight train blocking the crossing. Once this minor obstacle was surmounted, rapid dispersion set in.

We had half-consciously expected a Western cow-town. We found instead a modern city complete with streets, sidewalks, and buildings. Although there were no gun-totin' badmen visible, we soon encountered the mechanized version of same — the notorious one-armed bandits.

Learning to avoid these mechanical pickpockets, we went in search of less costly entertainment. Again, the Propeller Club came to our rescue with a dance — an unqualified success.

One interesting point discovered by a now-unpopular individual was that in this state you can't hang a horse-thief with a wooden leg. It was carefully explained to us that a rope was necessary. More unpleasant news came when "Last Chance Jones" revealed to us that our stop at Havana had been cancelled because of international complications.

This called for a replacement, and Kingston was chosen. Accordingly, our course was changed to pass again our old friend, Cape San Antonio Light. Again we "turned-to" on the ship, whipping her into presentable shape. Soon we were tied up in Kingston and on our way ashore.

Kingston we will remember for the Myrtlebank Hotel, an oasis in the desert, a haven from the peddlers and guides who insisted that we needed their wares. A dance was held for us, which we enjoyed. The inevitable souvenirs were added to our collection of loot. Many of us inspected the sugar plantations and rum factories that dotted the island.

Soon our time was up, and we shoved off, bound for Haiti. En route we stopped at Guantanamo Bay for fuel, staying only long enough to fill our tanks.

As we entered the Gonave Channel under a brilliant sun we could see the two arms of land enclosing the bay. The countryside, mountainous and green, refreshed our eyes as we approached Port au Prince.

We liked this busy port, with its brawling, noisy market-place where were displayed every conceivable item of produce of the island. The mahogany ware attracted our fancy, and we loaded up, for perhaps never again would we find such beautiful pieces so inexpensive.

Many of us penetrated into the mountains, seeing myriad exotic flowers lining the steep roads. We enjoyed the hot, dry days, while we cursed the cool, showery nights.

As we sailed out of Port au Prince everyone took a last sun-bath or two, for we were heading north. Each day was noticeably cooler as we passed Cape Maysi and proceeded up through Crooked Island Passage. We set our course for Bermuda as the weather got rougher, and we were glad when we finally anchored off Hamilton.

Quickly the boats were lowered, and we set off. Tours to the aquarium and the Crystal Caves had been arranged for us. Many of us rented bicycles and toured the islands. Others simply occupied space at one or another of the numerous beach clubs.

Because of the untimely demise of our evaporators we had to move to the U.S. Naval Operating Base for repairs. The well-stocked Ship's Service and other facilities were well-patronized while we worked on our plant.

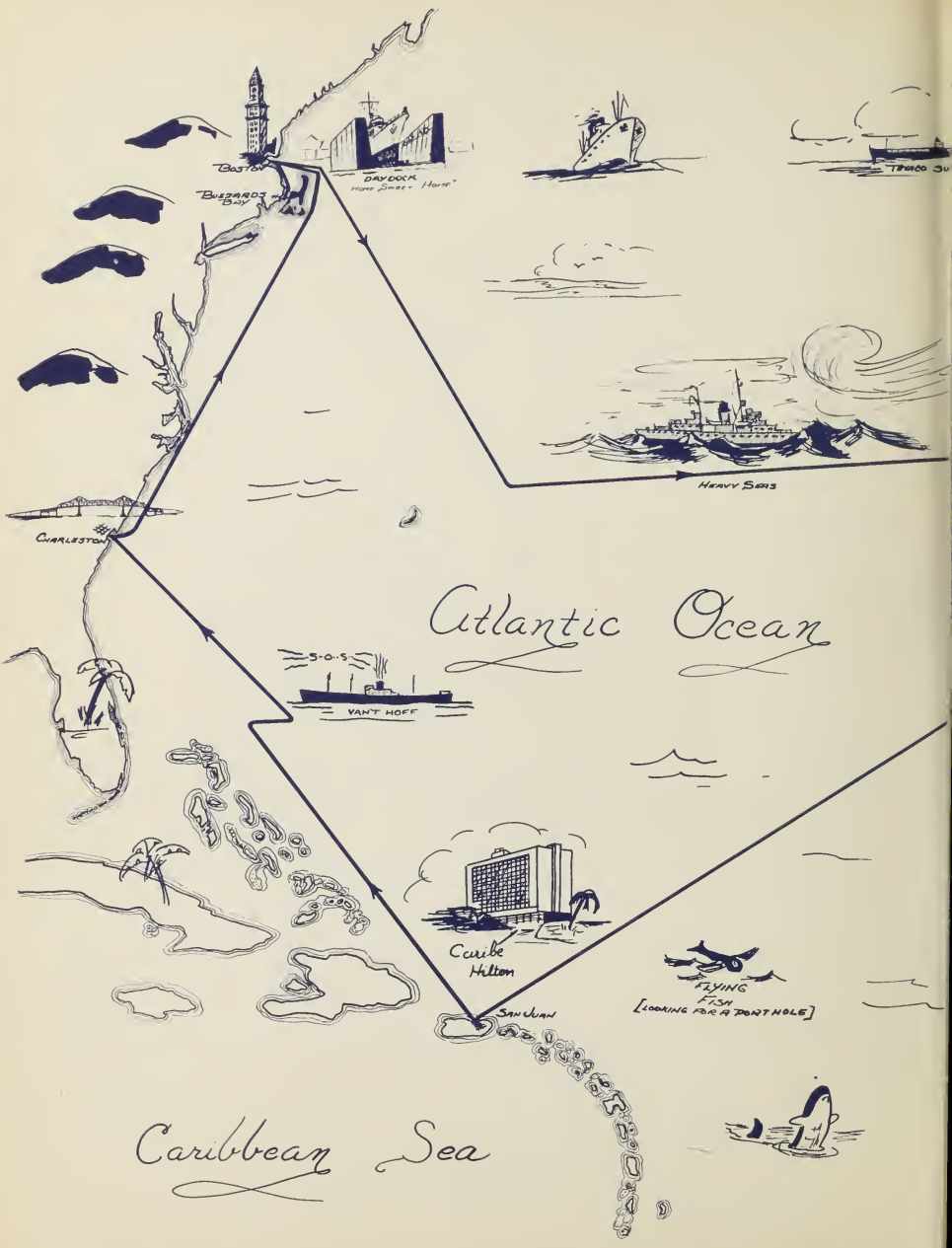
Soon departure-day arrived, and we set off again on the last lap. Despite the fact that the mileage logged up and down exceeded that horizontally, we finally steamed into Boston Harbor as planned. There we tied up at the Naval Shipyard, while everyone enjoyed a ten-day leave.

Then we got underway again with the Governor, his staff, and the Commissioners aboard, for a run up to Salem, so that they could see us apply the knowledge we had gained during the cruise. This formality completed, we finally headed for our home-port.

As our travel-worn heaving lines whistled onto the dock amid the usual din of automobile horns, we knew that we had learned at least a little about being a shipmate and a sailor.

JOHN MORGAN CEASE, COMMANDER, U.S.N.

And now we say a word of farewell to John Morgan Cease, Commander, United States Navy, who has left the mark of his powerful personality on us all. During our three years together we have learned from him the meaning of leadership and single-minded devotion to an ideal. We thank him for the example he has set us — an example which we will all strive to follow.


Boston
Buzzards Bay
DAYDOCK
HOME SWEET HOME
TEXACO
HEAVY SEAS
CHARLESTON
Atlantic Ocean
S·O·S
VANT HOFF
Caribe Hilton
SAN JUAN
FLYING FISH
[LOOKING FOR A PONT HOLE]
Caribbean Sea

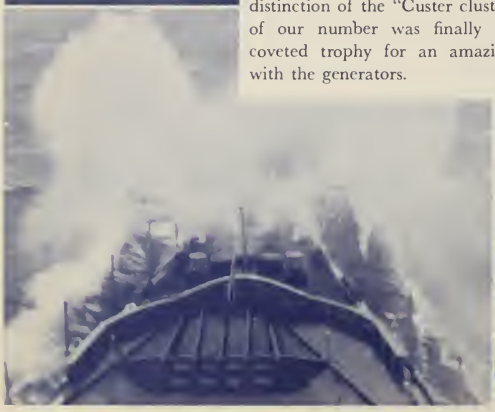
TANKER
NOTRE-DAME DE LA GARDE
MARSEILLES
ROME
FOUNTAIN
ST. PETER'S
SQUARE
"THE ROCK"
GIBRALTAR
ALGIERS
FUNCHAL
MADEIRA
MADEIRA SLED
1950
CRUISE
11,209 MILES
MARCH 23 TO MAY 30
U.S.T.S. CHARLESTON
ST. PAUL'S
S. MARIA MAGGIORE
ST. JOHN LATERAN
PIAZZA SAN PIETRO
PETER J. WATSON

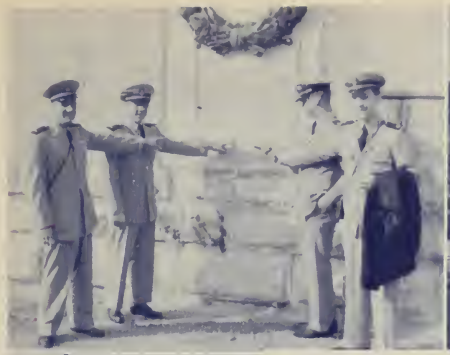
After recovering from New Year's Eve, we set to, preparing the ship for cruise, until scuttlebutt reared its nameless head. We were to be made subject to Coast Guard Inspection, which meant numerous alterations, the most important of which was installation of larger fuel-oil vents.

In due course the engineers had completed the job, and we sailed for Boston for hull-inspection, which we passed safely. At last, on March 23, we broke out our charts and crescent wrenches and put to sea.

Numerous of us found ourselves disagreeing with the perpendicular method of travel required by the gray Atlantic. Our casual strolls topside for "a breath of fresh air" deceived no one, however, and we stood our watches with a certain grim determination.

In time the weather moderated and maintenance began, both above and below decks. A number of engineers almost attained the distinction of the "Custer cluster", until one of our number was finally awarded this coveted trophy for an amazing maneuver with the generators.





Landfall! Europe to port, Africa to starboard! With the sun shining on a dancing sea we passed through the Pillars of Hercules and steamed into Gibraltar, mooring in the shadow of the Rock.

Soon ashore, we swarmed over the town, responding to the friendly welcome we received. We toured the Rock, the Moorish Castle, the Gibraltar Museum with its mementos of an ancient, bloody past. We could well understand why Gibraltar has been taken by siege only three times in the past twelve hundred years. Grim reminders of the recent war remained, too, to testify to the nickname of "Watchdog of the Mediterranean."

The shops welcomed us, and we staggered back to the ship laden with the first of our souvenirs and gifts. One deckman swears that he noticed a change of six inches in our draft after our last liberty. But soon time was up, and we headed out of the South Mole for Marseille.

A quick, three-day run up the Spanish coast brought us to this largest of French ports, a tremendous, man-made harbor, well on its way to recovery from the effects of the war. By the courtesy of the city we were moored at the very foot of the famous Canebiere, in the heart of the city.

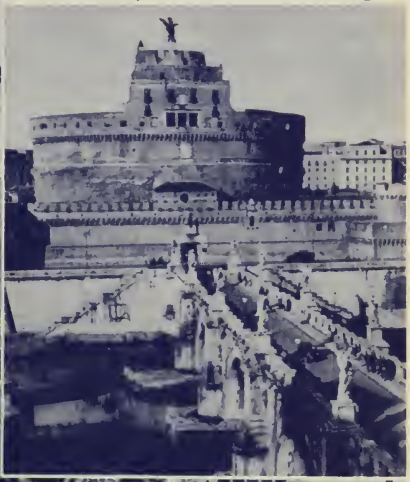
With typical French hospitality, the ship was made welcome, while hordes of visitors took the opportunity to visit us. We were guests of the Ecole Nautique and had them aboard for lunch, showing them all about the ship. The problem of language bothered us a good deal, but despite this numerous friendships were formed.

We took the trip to the Chateau d'If, we climbed up to Notre Dame de la Garde, we attended the opera at the invitation of the management, we ate snails and bouillabaisse, we bought perfume. But time passed, and finally with a blast of the whistle and the whining of sextants the PG 51 stirred and moved out between the crumbling Roman fortifications of the Vieux Port, heading for Italy.

A short run past Elba brought us to Italy. No sooner had we tied up than half of us headed for Rome for a forty-eight-hour liberty. Thanks to the USO, accommodations were found for us, which we promptly dubbed the Cardboard Gardens or Catacombs.

A dizzy whirl of sightseeing began — the Pantheon, the Colosseum, the Forum, the Appian Way, the Palatine Hill, the tomb of Hadrian, the Vatican Museum with its fabulous treasures such as the Sistine Chapel, the churches, the four basilicas of Rome, and finally and most overwhelmingly, Saint Peter's, its vastness filled with people from every corner of the world at an audience with the Pope.

Meanwhile we did not neglect modern Rome. The Florida Club and the Washington Club left us with a sadder understanding of the fact that foreign currency is money too, and not just lira or francs or shillings.



And then it was over. History had been made real for us in this brief glimpse of the Eternal City, centre of the world, plaything of popes and princes alike, with a history of blood and agony unmatched elsewhere in the world.

As we rode our buses homeward we could see, too, mute evidence of war's disaster and brave attempts to rebuild. Civitavecchia, for instance, was nearly destroyed by bombing; and yet life goes on as the ruins slowly disappear.

As we sailed south through the fabled Tyrrhenian Sea the weather became warmer, and we began to acquire tans. Rounding the end of Sardinia, we headed for Africa. Soon before our eyes arose a rich, modern city, sprawled golden and somnolent across the African hills.

Again we were close to the centre. Again we were welcomed, this time with a cocktail party in our honor given by the Algerian version of the Academy. Some of us attended a symphony concert of American music in the modern opera-house. We bought fezes, hassocks, more perfume, souvenirs.

The infamous Casbah, with its dank streets and alleys, its houses grown together over the pathways, its open-air markets, ripe with the odors of decayed mutton, its garbage collection service consisting of a burro with huge straw panniers on its back, its slippered and turbaned inhabitants, intrigued many of us.

Some of us participated in two baseball games, in which, despite considerable dispute as to the way Mr. Doubleday wanted his game played, we won one game 8-4 and lost the other 8-5, under a broiling African sun.

Again we enjoyed the sidewalk cafes and restaurants of the French city, as we gained further dexterity with the language. One of us gained the enviable title of "Star of Algiers", thanks to an untrustworthy taxi-driver, just before we sailed on.

A quick stop was made at Gibraltar again to refuel, and we tried to find places we had overlooked before. Unfortunately, the ports were coming too close together and raising financial havoc with even the most cautious of us. So gladly we went on, out upon a smiling, blue Atlantic which reminded some of us of Lake Winnepesaukee because of its smoothness.

Soon the volcanic Madeiras rose from the sea, and we finally came to anchor in the harbor of Funchal. From a distance the city looked beautiful, with its red tile roofs climbing the steep hills toward the interior.

A closer view only confirmed that impression. A clean, attractive little city, with flowering trees, cobblestone streets, ox-drawn sleds which are better for descending the steep slopes of which the island is made, colorful native costumes, deep ravines roofed with flowering vines traversing the city for the purpose of handling the torrents which would otherwise destroy the city during the rainy season, received us and encouraged us to spend our newly-exchanged escudos, or "scooties" as we called them, fractional parts being referred to as "half-scooties" or "roller-skates."

The many linen-factories and shops displayed their attractive wares for us, and we bought avidly. The Madeiran vintners urged us to test their wares, and we did so. Many of us took a hike through the interior, a wild, beautiful land which fascinated us.

During our stay we were usually attended by a number of bumboats laden with linens, wickerware, sailboats, woodwork, and many other handicraft goods. Our frequent boat-drills sent them scurrying away from our sides as we exercised both deck and engineering Midshipmen at boat-handling. The coxswains of the boats gained needed experience making the landing inshore, while the engineers ran and maintained the boats.

Feverishly we chipped and scraped and painted in preparation for our return to United States territory, so that when we left Funchal we all agreed that the ship looked better than she ever had before.

The second day of our stay we moved to the Navy Base to refuel, and while we were there we dressed-ship in honor of Armed Forces Day. That afternoon our tanks were full and we shoved off for Charleston.

Halfway there we intercepted a distress-call from a Dutch freighter, urgently requesting a doctor for their captain, who had had a can of chlorate of lime blow up in his face. Since we were the nearest ship we changed course and increased speed to meet the ship. Five hours later we met and transferred the captain by boat.

Still maintaining speed, we headed for Charleston to get Captain van der Moolen to the hospital, while our doctor gave him emergency treatment.

Ten smooth days later we rounded El Morro Castle and stood into San Juan harbor, mooring at a shipping company dock at their kind invitation. It felt good to be on our own soil again, even though the climate and foliage were so different. We soon found our way to the various sights of this important city, after the routine entry through customs.

Fort San Cristobal, El Morro, La Marina, the Normandie, and the Caribe Hilton were soon swarming with Midshipmen eager for new sights and a cooling swim. The San Juan Propeller Club held a reception and dinner-dance in our honor which we all enjoyed, and some few of us soon mastered the intricacies of the Casino.

THE CHARLESTON EVENING POST

CHARLESTON, S. C. WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1950

Gunboat Arrives On Courtesy Call, Brings Injured Dutch Sea Captain

A Dutch ship captain, rushed here aboard the gunboat USS Charleston after a container of disinfectant exploded into his eyes, was receiving treatment at Roper hospital today.

Captain D. Vendermoorlen, of the merchant vessel Vanthoff, was transferred to the Charleston at sea Monday while the gunboat was two days out of Puerta Rico headed toward this city for a courtesy call.

He told Commander J. W. Thompson, USNR, captain of the Charleston, that chloride of lime exploded when the top blew off a container he was holding. His condition today was reported as satisfactory.

The Charleston, after receiving a radio message, turned back toward San Juan, Puerto Rico, and met the Vanthoff after a 40-mile run. In calm seas, Captain Vandermoorlan was transferred by small boat to the coast guard vessel. His eyes were given as emergency treatment by the ship's doctor and he was made as comfortable as possible for the run to this city, where the Charleston was launched 14 years ago.

The vessel made port this morning and tied up at the Columbus street wharf where Charlestonians are invited to visit her between 1 and 4 p. m. daily through Friday. She will sail Saturday for Boston and then for her home base at Buzzard's Bay, Mass.

The 328-foot gunboat is on the last leg of a training cruise. With 178 midshipmen aboard, she has been away from this country since March 22.

During this period she visited Gibraltar, Marseille France, Civitavecchia, Italy, Algiers and the Madeira islands.

Highlight of the trip for midshipmen was an audience with Pope Pius XII in Rome while the vessel was at Civitevecchia, only 40 miles away, Commander Thompson said.

Of the 178 midshipmen, one-third are first classmen taking their final cruise before graduation. The remainder are second and third classmen. They operated the vessel throughout the cruise under supervision of the ship's officers.

On their return to the Massachusetts Maritime academy, first classmen will receive a 12-week academic course before graduation. They will then receive commissions as ensigns in the United States naval reserve and the United States maritime service, coast guard licenses as third mates, and a bachelor of science degrees in nautical science.

Speaking of the cruise, the third since the Charleston was converted for service as a training vessel, Commander Thompson said the ship is "excellent" for training purposes. She is seaworthy, easy to handle, and has sufficient reserve speed to make her ideal for the purpose, he added. The vessel cruises normally at 12 or 13 knots, but she can do up to 20 knots if necessary, he said.

While in Charleston, midshipmen will have liberty each day. Among other entertainment, a dance has been planned for them by the Charleston Propeller club.

Also making the cruise is Captain J. D. Wilson, USN (retired), who is superintendent of the academy.

The Charleston was converted in 1947. She had been consigned to the "supper fleet" after serving during World War II. A model of the vessel is preserved at the Charleston museum.

Steaming into the harbor past Fort Sumter, we moored at a dock in the river bounding Charleston on the east. Our first impression was of a sleepy, typical Southern city; but we soon found that in some respects, at least, it was wide-awake, for the inhabitants are devotees of the goddess of chance. Indeed, some of the inhabitants are goddesses themselves, if testimony to that effect can be believed.

Soon the inexorable schedule beckoned us on to Boston. Leaving a souvenir of our own — gray paint — on the timbers of the pier, we headed north. Hatteras let us down, for we had been filling the young men with tales of mountainous seas and gale winds.

The last night out there were many willing helpers for the lookout. This was a symptom of that dread disease, channel fever, for which the only known cure is liberty. Nantucket lightship was passed early in the evening, and soon we could see the immense finger of Highland Light. From there in we maintained speed to avoid an expected fog.

The booming diaphone of Boston lightship was passed, and we anchored in President Roads until daylight. A short run brought us to Commonwealth Pier at about 0630, and the cruise was over. Never had we learned so much or seen so much. Hastily we brushed up on the standard method for telling sea-stories and took off for liberty just waiting for someone to ask us about the cruise.

After the annual inspection by the Governor and his staff, half of us went on leave while the other half brought the ship back to her berth at Buzzards Bay.

We were seamen, and with graduation near we were ready to take our place in the marine world.

FRIENDS AND PATRONS

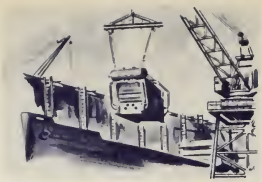
Thank You.....

This account of our contribution to the tradition of the Academy has been made possible by your good will and friendly support.

May we thank you all for your share in our history.

The Editors

Part of the B&W staff specializes in marine boiler design and application.



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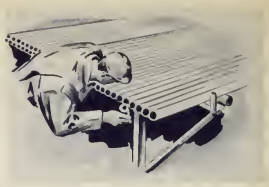

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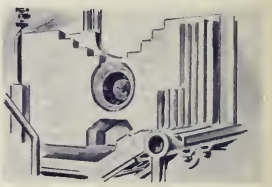

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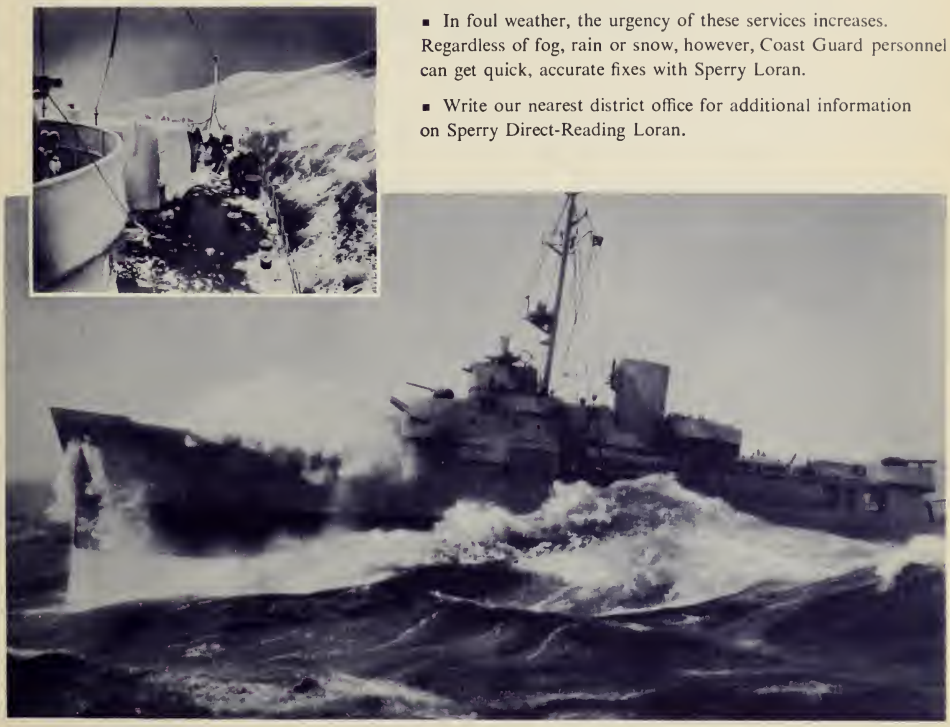

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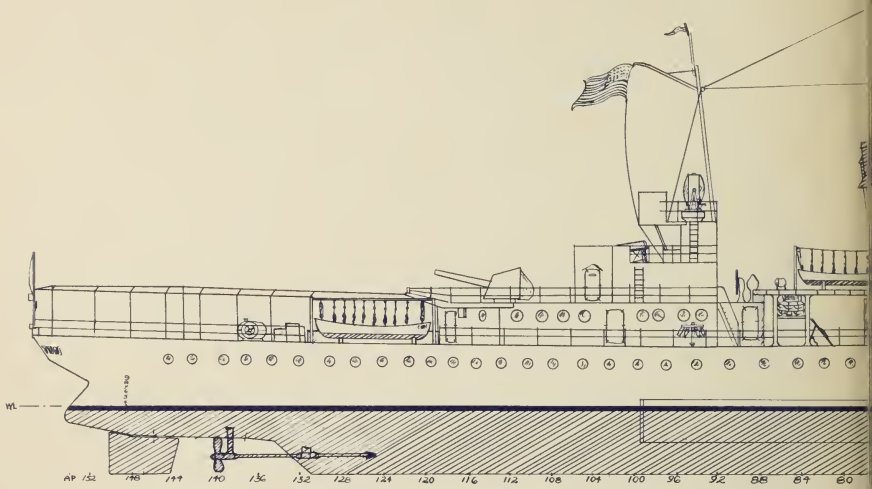

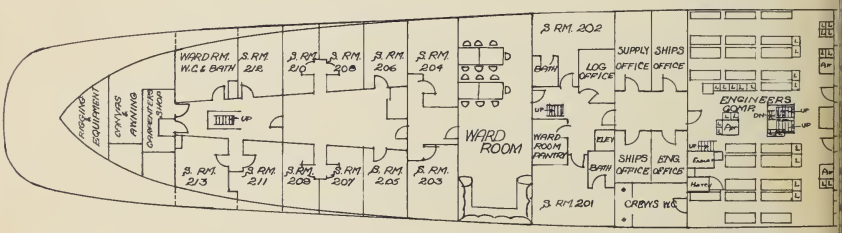

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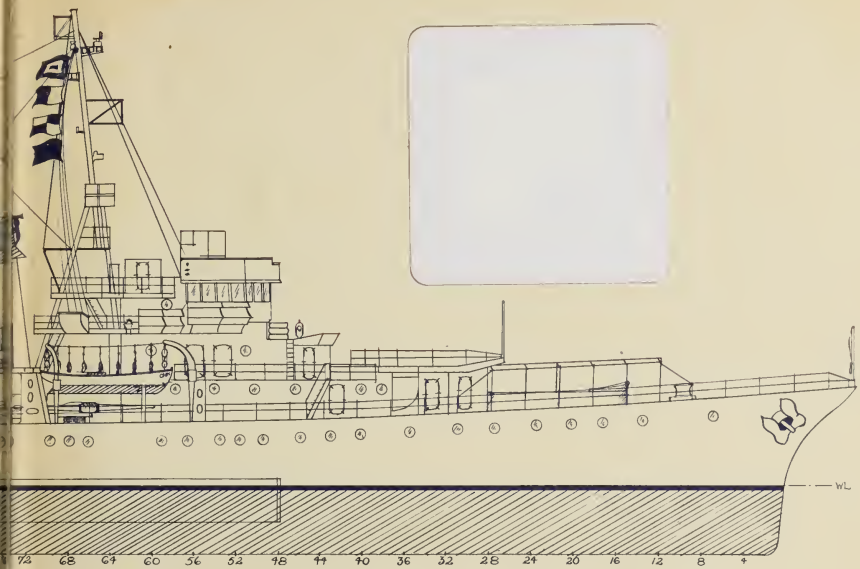
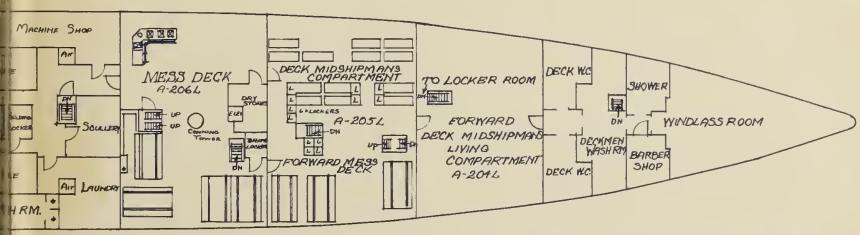
Boilers	Number	2
	Type	Header-Express 3 Type - Oil Burning
	Working Pressure	330 Lbs per square inch
Turbines	Number	6 (2 H.P., 2 L.P., 2 Astern)
	Type	H. Geared Impulse Reaction — H. Geared Reaction — Astern Impulse
	R.P.M.	3000
Tanks	Fuel Oil Capacity	117,974 Gal.
	Fresh Water Cap.	16,931 Gal.

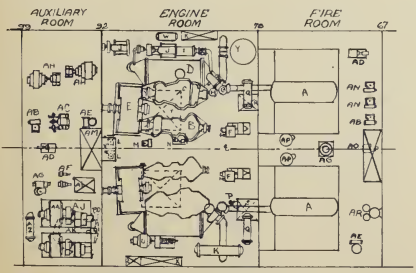
INDEX TO ENGINEERING SPACES

A	Boiler
B	H.P. Turbine
C	L.P. Turbine
D	Main Condenser
E	Reduction Gears
F	Main Feed Pump
G	Main Circulating Pump
H	Main Condensate Pump
I	L.O. Cooler
J	Ship Service Air Comp.
K	Feed Water Heaters
L	L.O. Service Pump
M	L.O. Service Standby Pump
N	L.O. Purifier
O	Guard Exhaust
P	Drain Booster Pump
Q	Main Fire Ejector
R	Deaerating Tank
S	Sump Tank
T	L.O. Drain Tank
U	Diesel Generator
V	L.O. Settling Tank
W	Air Accumulator

X	L.O. Storage
Y	Oil & Water B
Z	Diesel Oil Stor
AA	Turbo-Generat
AB	F.O. Booster
AC	Flushing Pu
AD	F.O. Tank Drai
AE	Fire & Bilge P
AF	Diesel Oil Pu
AG	Diesel Oil Pu
AH	Motor Genera
AI	Dynamo Field
AJ	Dynamo Cond. C
AK	Dynamo Conde
AL	Diesel Oil St
AM	Sludge Tank
AN	F.O. Service P
AO	F.O. Prop. Pu
AP	Forced Draft
AQ	Port Service B
AR	Emergency Fe







ENGINEERING SPACES

PG 51 - USTS Charleston

Displacement	2000	1936	Built in Charleston South Carolina
Length	325'6"		
Width	41' 3"	1940	Based in Seattle Operated off Alaska
War Complement	243		
Horsepower	7000	1947	Obtained by Mass. Maritime Academy
Speed	20 Knots		

Other Ships in Class
USS Erie
Sunk at Curacao
Nov 1942

Drawn by
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